

PALM BEACH LIFE



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pg 50
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for Wiley Reynolds*

from 1936 on

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS:

The Life of Marjorie Merriweather Post

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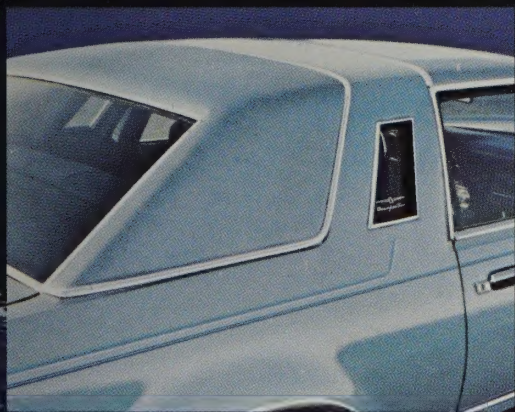
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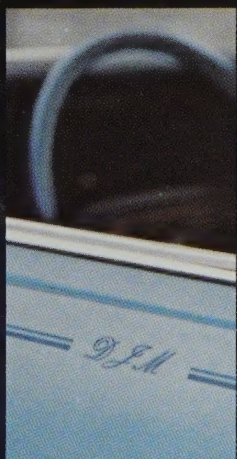
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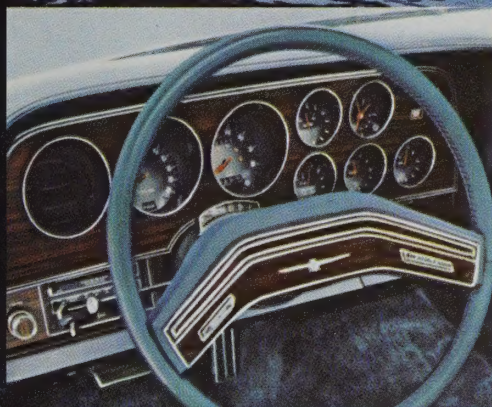
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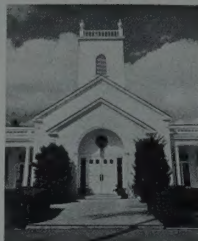
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PALM BEACH LIFE

DECEMBER, 1977

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*ON OUR COVER —
The Royal Poinciana
Chapel, decorated for the
Christmas season by
Old Town Flower Shops.
Photo by Stephen Leek.*

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS

69 A LEGACY OF GRANDEUR by Allene Hatch

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 PB DATELINE by Kathryn Robinette
- 8 INSIDE DESIGN: A PASSPORT TO
DECORATOR ROW by Helen Baum
- 16 HIGH PROFILE: UNDOING "THE PALM BEACH
LOOK" by NancyBeth Jackson
- 24 DAYS & NIGHTS
- 28 FIRST EDITIONS by Alden Whitman
- 61 OUT & ABOUT
- 63 OUT & ABOUT
- 98 DISTINCTIVE DINING
- 105 SHOPPERS' PREVIEW
- 108 YOU AND YOUR SIGN by James Laklan

FEATURES

- 37 THE PENNY-PINCHING MILLIONAIRE'S
CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE
- 42 DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER . . . MAYBE
by Jacqueline Mitchell
- 44 AN ARCHITECT'S OWN
- 50 CAPITALIZING ON THE UNCONVENTIONAL
by Kathryn Robinette
- 52 THE WOMAN BEHIND THE STRIKERS
by Lawrence Mahoney
- 64 SUGAR PLUMS AND ANGEL HAIR by Laurie Lewis

TRAVEL

- 48 INN-HOPPING ON FRANCE'S CHATEAUX CIRCUIT
by Betty and Morton Yarmon

GOURMET

- 40 SECRETS OF FISH COOKERY by Rosa Tusa

FASHION

- 46 NOT A FASHION DICTATOR by Kathryn Robinette

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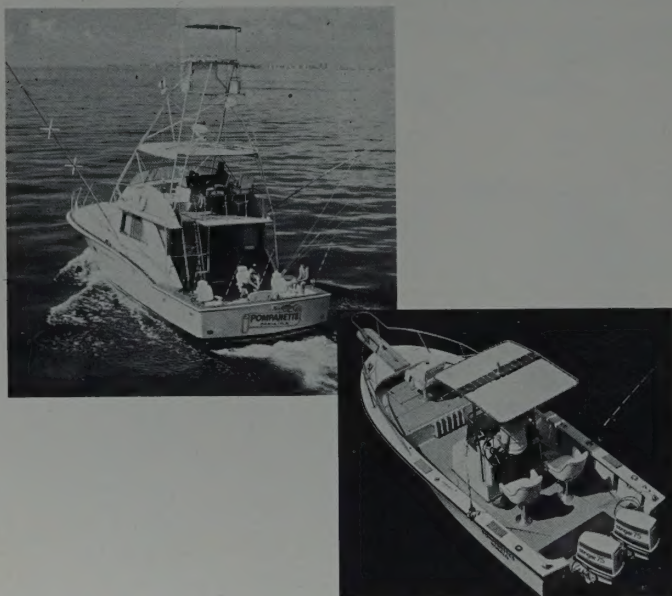
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KATHRYN ROBINETTE

PB DATELINE

The condensed biography of Marjorie Merriweather Post which we are featuring in this issue was written by Allene Hatch. Although this is her first published biography she's no stranger to the craft. Her husband, the late Alden Hatch, was a highly respected biographer who wrote knowledgeably about such diverse personalities as Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Pope Pius XII.

Dealing with fact is always more time-consuming than handling fiction. There are endless sticky details to be tracked down, elusive bits of information that need exploring. It was Allene (Squeaky) Hatch who helped out in the research department. Shortly before his death Mr. Hatch had planned a biography of Mrs. Post. Mrs. Hatch decided to continue the project and interviewed dozens of people in the process. She talked with Mrs. Post's daughters, Mrs. Augustus Riggs IV, Mrs. Leon Barzin and Mrs. Clifford Robertson III. Each of them shared favorite anecdotes with her.

Other people who were helpful in the project included Mr. and Mrs. A. Atwater Kent Jr., Judge James Knott, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hulitar, Mrs. Post's long-time neighbor and architect Marion Sims Wyeth, and Helen Rich.

The result of her endeavors is a compelling account of the life of this larger-than-life lady who lived so grandly and shared her largesse so graciously. It's *Palm Beach Life's* Christmas present for our readers.

We've also tried to take some of the anguish out of the annual Christmas shopping spree with our Penny-Pinching Millionaire's Christmas Catalogue. The selections come from some of the leading stores in the country and they've been carefully chosen with an eye toward price. It's a splendid opportunity to let your fingers do the walking.

Gifts for the home haven't been ignored. Helen Baum takes the reader on a stroll down Miami's Decorator Row, an area generally off limits to the casual browser. But don't be dismayed. Helen has the password that will make those doors swing open. Consider with her the possibility of adding a shell-shaped pillow to your present decor, or possibly a Mexican dower chest with incised designs.

The name Roberta di Camerino means high fashion to some of the world's best-dressed women, but what of the woman behind the name — Giuliana di Camerino? She's a lady who jets around the world at a dizzying pace, hardly alighting long enough to realize what city she's in. One minute she's in Japan, the next she's back in Italy visiting one of her eight stores or stopping off at one of the factories. Back in America there are more stores opening all the time.

Wherever she is, Mrs. di Camerino is Italian to the core. She considers the Italian worker to be an artist, and everything she sells is manufactured there. "For me navy and bone are the important colors for winter," she says. The new silhouette will be the "Kasakka," a loose tunic inspired by those worn by medieval page boys.

"Everything I produce I design myself," she says. With Giuliana di Camerino it's a labor of love. □



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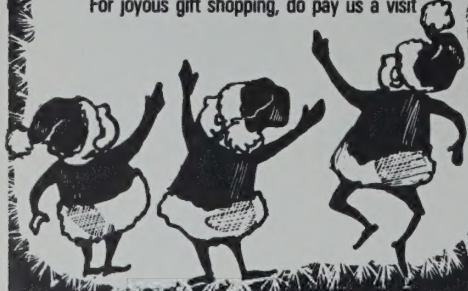
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Plaza**

Where Coconut Row Meets Royal Poinciana Way
Palm Beach

HELEN BAUM

INSIDE DESIGN

A PASSPORT TO DECORATOR ROW

What could be more extravagantly generous than going into the wholesale market to buy your Christmas gifts at retail prices.

Miami's Decorator Row is usually off-limits to the general public. However, you can gain access to this panoply of imaginative merchandise if you carry introductory credentials from your favorite interior designer.

The price range may be slightly higher than it is in retail home furnishings stores. However the chance to buy avant-garde items not yet in general distribution offsets the difference in cost.

Located around 40th Street and 39th Street in the heart of Miami, Decorator Row is just an easy hour or so drive from Palm Beach on I-95.

The streets are delightfully tree-shaded, great for strolling and browsing in the wall-to-wall, back-to-back interior design showrooms that line the way. The merchandise is usually unusual, and you'd have to go far and hunt hard to find a more complete selection of unique gift items not customarily on view to the public and not glaringly price-tagged for all to see.

Don't forget — it is necessary for you to bring along a letter of introduction from your interior designer or architect. For that matter, why not invite them along.

The day can be even more of a happy adventure because nearby are several really fine restaurants for lunching. We recommend Piccadilly (35 NE 40th St.), where you'll find owner Patty Gross a charming hostess; the truly beautiful surroundings at Food Among the Flowers (21 NE 36th St.), with multi-talented David Harrison in charge; and, should you be rather rushed, an extraordinarily fine quick salad/sandwich stop at Pete Sauer's (3806 NE 1st Ave.), with Pete himself presiding.

We've selected just one or two very special items at each stop to illustrate for you. No doubt you'll discover many more. All merchandise mentioned is stocked in quantity and is tagged at suggested retail prices.

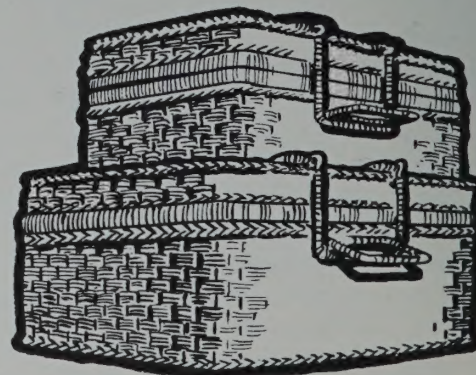


If you start at the "front end" of 40th Street your first stop should be Richard Plumer (155 NE 40th St.). Plumer's has been at the same location ever since Miami was young, and they are the one and only retail store in that neighborhood. Usually thought of

as a furniture store, Plumer's has a marvelous selection of one-of-a-kind accessories, and their selection of mirrors of all types and all periods is exceptional. So if you can't spring for that Picasso or Renoir, try a Venetian glass mirror at \$935, a rococo one at \$250, a chinoiserie lacquer at \$450 or a simple bamboo at \$150. They're all lovely.

A couple of doors down from Plumer's is The Eclectic Eye (137 NE 40th St.), specializing in interesting wicker pieces. Especially noteworthy is an elaborate canopy bed imported from China and priced at \$1,300. Their high-backed copies of Victorian wicker chairs are standouts at \$600 each. There are lots of wicker tables, sofas and other oddments, too.

Diagonally across the street is Accessories for the Trade (168 NE 40th St.), with probably the most complete selection of baskets of all kinds, sizes



and shapes gathered under one roof. And you know how very welcome bas-



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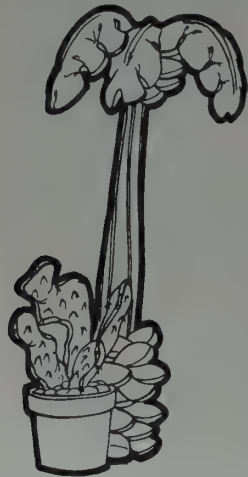


RAZOOK'S

PINEHURST, N. C. • LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK • GREENWICH, CONN. • THE BREAKERS, PALM BEACH

kets are for all purposes these days. Prices start as low as \$2 or \$3 and go on up to \$200.

On either side of "basket heaven" are two antique galleries, Twery's and Lucky's. Both have such a profusion of antiques of varying periods that it's almost mind-boggling. You'll have to pick your way through masses of wonders because we couldn't possibly single out any particular objects.



Walk down a few doors to Brandi #1 (140 NE 40th St.), where everything is contemporary, and then continue on down to Brandi #2 (114 NE 40th St.), a separate showroom where more traditional things are shown. You'll find amusing soft sculptures from a California artist, all made of natural colored canvas. They're desert symbols, including various types of cacti, and range from about \$300 to \$600.

Continue on to the next block to the enchanting Country Floors (82 NE 40th St.) with the equally enchanting Sunny McLean as directress. Although they specialize in tiles of all sorts — even some resembling Tarot cards — they always have a wonderful collection of handcrafted fabric toys that are



whimsical and have old-fashioned country charm. Other precious gift items are their planters, vases and ashtrays — imported, of course, and all carrying

funny and sometimes naughty French expressions. These are priced at about \$15 and the toys are about \$18.

Just next door you'll find E. G. Cody (80 NE 40th St.). Among their many distinguished accessory items, their seashell-shaped pillows are a standout. They come in cotton and satin in varying soft shades of peach, sand and spring green as well as, most



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BRADY

excitingly, in silver or gold lame. All are handmade, airbrushed, dated and signed by the New York artist who creates them specially for this new and attractive showroom. They're priced from \$39 to \$70.

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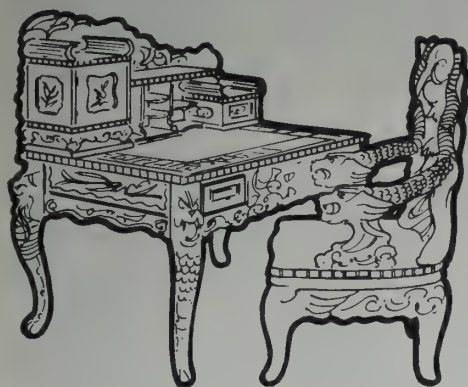
PHONE: 588-3120

Cross over once again and in a tiny shop is Windsor Arts (63 NE 40th St.), specializing in framing. But they also have a fine selection of framed graphics from \$50 on up to several thousand for those well-known name artists. The very British owner, Victoria, also has some marvelous lighted sculpture tables and pedestals ranging from \$100 to \$600.

Do stop in at The Gilded Peacock in the Designer's Showcase (35 NE 40th St.) owned by the socially prominent Estelle Gould. This is a charming boutique crammed with antiques, accessories and jewelry from all over the world — a delightful browse and buy.

At the same location, but upstairs, is Jenny's Flower Shop. There you'll find some of the healthiest, happiest and most unusual plants ever. European-trained Jenny is there to smilingly help you pick the right plant for the right place.

At the corner (1 NE 40th St.) is the studio of Francisco Laurier, a designer who shows really fine antiques against a stunning contemporary back-



ground. He has a fabulous elaborately carved oriental desk and chair that once belonged to an emperor — yours for a mere \$5,625. If you find that in your stocking Christmas morning, you've really found an heirloom for generations to come. He has superb clocks, porcelains and rare malachite, too.

Almost directly across from Francisco's is Gallery Plus (8 NE 40th St.),



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Pal's Captain's Table

The restaurant on the Intracoastal Waterway. Hillsboro Beach Boulevard (S.R. 810), Deerfield Beach. For reservations: 427-4000.



owned by Jack Arrow who has a bevy of super mirrored planters in octagonal and hexagonal shapes. The largest ones are 18 x 18 x 15, priced at \$145, and the smallest are 12 x 12 x 15 for \$125. There's a diverse collection of other oddments there, too, with a smashing lucite basket for flowers designed by Bobbi Handel which would be quite a conversation piece anywhere. It costs \$200.



Around the corner on your way to 39th Street, be sure to ring the bell at La Verne Galleries (3925 No. Miami Ave.) to look at their import collection. Outstanding among many outstanding porcelain, rattans and a multitude of gorgeous accessories are a group of tiny olive wood stools, very natural in form, that sell for \$230. This import is closely controlled by the Italian government. Olive wood is rare and the trees there must be "dead but unburied" before they can be obtained

by the craftsmen who make these exclusively for Louis La Verne, the company principal.

On 39th Street your first stop should be the new Arthemis (19 NE 39th St.) owned by the very continen-



tal Don Roberto. For sale are wonderful natural wood Mexican dowry chests with incised designs. The large one (28" x 28") comes with its own stand for \$123, and the smaller size (19" x 12") is \$76. Really a most appropriate gift for all the Mediterranean architectural gems in Palm Beach.

Significance 2 (75 NE 39th St.) has a forest of tall, slender and oh-so-

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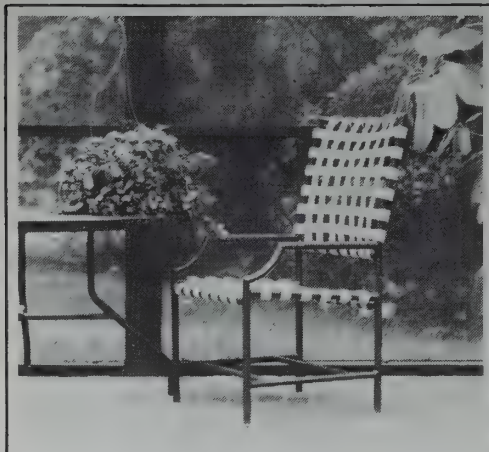
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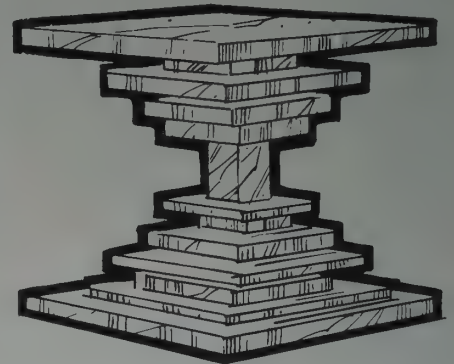
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graceful crystal vases imported from Italy. They're really eye-catching and well priced at from \$10 to \$75. The lovely ladies here, Carolyn Swidler and Margie Freed, have, among many other unusual items, oversize pillows made of semi-antique Persian carpets — all bought at London auction and available at \$200. They make perfect floor pillows for casual lounging in great style.

39 East (90 NE 39th St.) is a vast gallery of exquisite taste. A frosted plexiglass cigarette table in a layer upon layer shape creates a striking



sculptural form, besides being eminently practical. It sells for \$560. There's also marvelous plexi sculpture by Aptekar of New York — who is getting raves wherever she shows — priced from \$400 to \$2,500. The art constructions of Robert Solleroli of New York are made entirely from dowels, and there is some occasional furniture by him too.

A bit out of the way but well worth the extra few steps is The Rudolph Collection (3810 NE 1st Ave.). They have boxes made of horn, shell and bone in many sizes and shapes. What lovelier gift than the mystery of a box, whether filled or no. Especially favored here are the Egyptian-influenced pyramid boxes — and you know what they say about pyramid power. All boxes range from \$135 to \$175.

Reverse your tour route, if you will; lunch or not, as you like; but please be sure to wear your "museum" shoes, check your parking meter occasionally, and keep your eyes wide open. □

Helen Baum is past president of the Florida chapter of the National Home Fashions League.

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NANCYBETH JACKSON

HIGH PROFILE

UNDOING "THE PALM BEACH LOOK"



Pinks and mint greens may be fine for some, but not for interior designer Jay Spectre. He prefers mirrored walls and polished steel.

Jay Spectre rolled his eyes and shuddered as he considered the Palm Beach decorating stereotype. He spit out the colors like rotten fruit: whites, yellows, pinks, mint greens, poison greens — sunny, cheery, pretty, predictable, in sailcloth and flowery prints. "Think of Lilly Pulitzer and you have the Palm Beach Look," he said. Fine for shifts, but hardly what Jay Spectre would wish upon a living room no matter how subtropical the clime.

That's not the style of this New Yorker who has been numbered among the top interior designers in the nation. Described by a friend as a decorator for "the private rich, not particularly the people you see in *Women's Wear Daily*," he is known for elegant contemporary interiors. Polished steel and mirrored walls are among his trademarks.

Nevertheless, the clients he appears to cherish most, and mention most often, are the very ones who do appear continually in *Women's Wear Daily*.

Architectural Digest, which features his work regularly, singled him out this way: "Jay Spectre is one of a handful of contemporary designers who have the ability to use the most luxurious materials without creating effects that are claustrophobic or crassly sumptuous." He likes that description. The magazine's editor-in-chief, Paige Rense, characterizes his designs as "dramatic but always restrained." He likes that image, too.

In his own words, Spectre describes his approach as "serious, with some fantasy; but fantasy for the intellect rather than frivolity." He draws upon all materials to achieve elegance, and rules out nothing. One of the first designers to bring polished steel into home decors, he believes in an

He married his sister . . .

But that doesn't make him a bad person . . . in fact King Tut died too young to have been that bad. At the age of 19 after having reigned for a brief time this young Pharaoh was buried among the most luxuriant and exotic of treasures.

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Incidentally the Goddess Selket was known as the healer of disease and as the Goddess of child birth (what a dynamite gift for a new mommy). She also has been recaptured by Boehm in a sexy little sculpture. Some of you can afford the mask of King Tut (call me if you want the price) almost all of you can afford the Goddess at \$850. . . . that's pretty cheap for a Goddess. Call us and let's talk about these incredible treasures.

* and anyway it wasn't his sister he married, it was his half-sister.



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"easy to use and care for" approach that does not sacrifice elegance. In one Palm Beach interior, for instance, he chose to replace "the Palm Beach Look" with a rich, yet functional, design in sand tones, browns and blacks to reflect the environment.

Tanned and fit (in sand shades himself), Jay Spectre sipped iced tea and watched his diet at the Doubles luncheon buffet as he talked about his reputation and his performance. He indulged in neither false modesty nor arrogance. Skip the nice-Southern-boy-makes-good-in-Gotham stories, he asked. Not only had he already had his own successful "shop" in Louisville, Ky., for 17 years before coming to New York in March 1969, but he finds such Horatio Alger tales too saccharine. You might as well do a room in pure chintz.

"Professional" and "creative," "respect" and "integrity" are the words he wants linked to Jay Spectre. He knows he is good and if anyone needs proof, all they need do is look to clients throughout the United States and Canada. "I sel-

*'fantasy for the intellect
rather than frivolity...'*

dom lose a client," he said, and then grinned. "I didn't say 'never.'"

Scion of a successful but not filthy-rich Kentucky family that had one of the first furniture stores in the state, Spectre attended military and prep schools in the Midwest and worked for another decorator only three years before starting his own firm in Louisville (a firm he maintained until a few years ago). But he wants to make it perfectly clear that despite the accent, he is no "Southern designer." He feels more at home in New York, London, Milan.

"My work and my time cost a great deal of money. And I get it because I am worth it," he said simply. "I am not saying I am an extraordinary designer, but I have style. I sell today's style. I *create* today's style."

His business is not color schemes and furniture placement and window treatments. He doesn't talk trends, what's-new-this-year, Victorian-romanticism-is-back-and-I'm-putting-it-in-your-Park-Avenue-apartment. His vocabulary is environment and attitude.

Spectre professed no shock when the late Joan Crawford's plastic slipcovers were mentioned. Certainly they are no more to his taste than the Palm Beach stereotype; but they made a statement for the lady. "The most important thing is to create an attitude, sustain an attitude. For that reason I would prefer Joan Crawford's plastic covers to Anne Ford's French drawing room."

Jay Spectre, you see, dares to be different. He rejects simply recreating the luxurious formula settings grandma did — or didn't — have. He reflects his times, finding inspiration in the news of the day, politics, children, food, exceptional people he meets. He admits to plagiarism, but only self-plagiarism. "I create influence. I am not influenced," he said.

Always an independent soul, he nonetheless once was much more easily influenced by the rule book and by what other people said. He began to realize that maybe he was carrying things too far when he was involved in a traffic accident in Louisville some years back. When his auto was struck from behind by a police car, he jumped from his car to apologize. "What did I do wrong?" he asked the officer.

(Continued on page 22)

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CONTINENTAL MARK V

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





(Continued from page 18)

"Why, nothing," replied the surprised policeman. "We hit you."

He began to reexamine all sorts of relationships in light of the incident, but it wasn't until he left Louisville for New York that his decorating style reflected a new confidence in self. In Louisville he had been a good, but conventional, designer.

"New York didn't need another good designer, someone to design a 'pretty' room. I don't like 'pretty' rooms. I'm not even sure I like 'pretty' people," he said.

Spectre didn't wait for inspiration to strike, a thunderbolt gift from the gods. Instead, he willed himself to be creative.

"Creativity comes to people who want to do it. It comes from planting a seed and having the iron will to see it grow," he believes. Self-discipline and determination play as much a part as talent.

He is now a risk-taker and likes clients who fit that description as well. Spare him the decorator's dream: clients with empty apartments, empty heads and blank checks. That's Spectre's design nightmare.

He was recently quoted as saying of his clients: "They are risk-takers too. They know what they want, but they are open to new ideas. That, in turn, inspires me. If you don't have someone who inspires you as a designer, you can't be inspired yourself. The work says nothing unless there is commitment from both sides."

Spectre works with his clients in terms of location, budget, function, life style, the individuals involved. "I add all these ingredients. From this I get an inspiration or the germ of an idea that can be developed into a design." Generally he starts with a total interior rather than only one room. And generally, for his clients, price is no object.

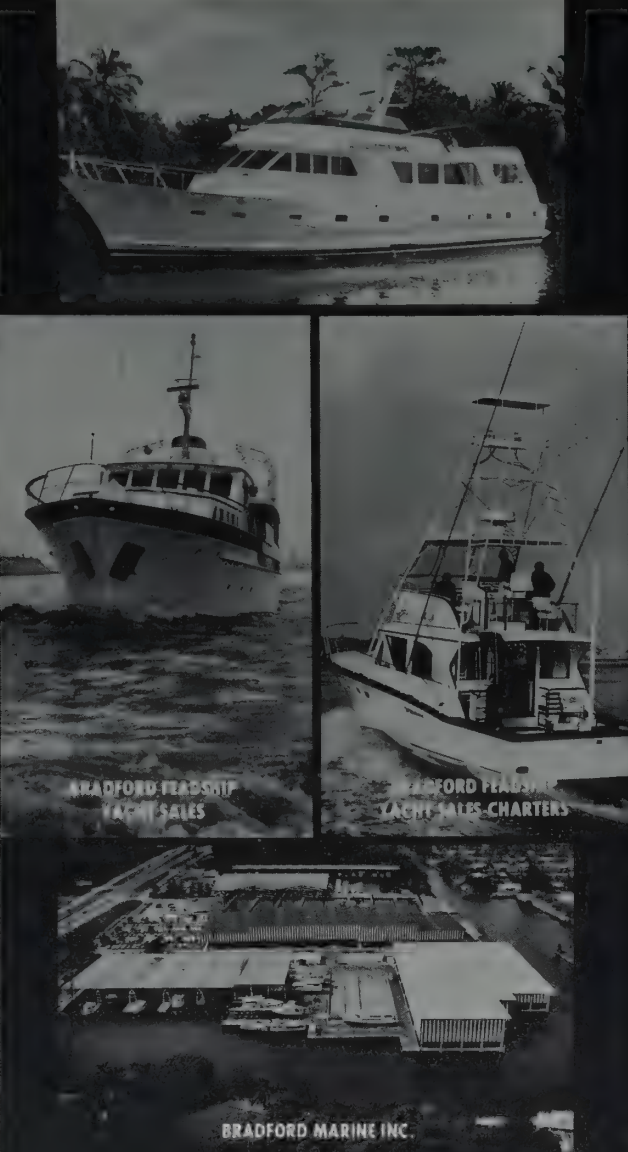
Of course the story could have had another ending had Spectre failed in New York. He says he once considered what options he had besides success. Going back to Louisville was not one of them. "I would have taken a room and a half in Queens and gone to work for Sloane's, Lord & Taylor or Bloomingdale's." Or so he says.

Instead of being on call as a glorified furniture salesman, Spectre is wine and dined by department store board chairmen and greeted by the likes of CeeZee Guest in the dim coolness of Doubles. An East Side apartment. A house in the country. A waiter at his elbow with a giant pepper grinder. He moves easily among his clients, one of them. And he has no apologies. "I am no snob. I've worked hard for what I have — and I have a lot."

A nice ending for the Spectre story — except Jay Spectre is getting that same little twitch inside that irritated him right out of Louisville and into New York. Change is at hand; not geographical this time but certainly just as dramatic, he is sure. Someone wants him to do a syndicated decorating column. Someone else has suggested a book. "Two of the world's top department stores" have approached him about handling a select few of their design customers. The change could take him in any of these directions — or into something unthought-of.

There are others who say it's time for a change; that Spectre's metronomic repetition of beige, leather and steel is becoming more boring than "Sunny, cheery, pretty, predictable, in sailcloth and flowery prints." □

NancyBeth Jackson is assistant professor of journalism at Columbia University.



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DAYS & NIGHTS

A guide to what's happening in the area during the month of December:

THEATER

- Dec. 2:** "Mandabi," directed by Ousmane Sembene. 8:15 p.m. Part of the International Film Classic series at the Norton Gallery, 1451 So. Olive Ave., West Palm Beach. 832-5194.
- Dec. 2-10:** "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds." Lake Worth Playhouse, 713 Lake Ave., Lake Worth. 967-7065. Performances nightly except Dec. 5 and 6. Matinee Dec. 4, 2:30 p.m.
- Dec. 2-10:** "Night Watch," a mystery. Delray Beach Playhouse, Playhouse Isle, NW 9th St., Delray Beach. 272-1281. Performances at 8:30 p.m. Matinee Dec. 4, 2:30 p.m.
- Dec. 4:** "Footlight Dinner Party" featuring Jean Dallymple, founder and director, New York City Center. 8 p.m. Caldwell Playhouse, Military Trail, Boca Raton. 994-1832.
- Dec. 9-11:** "Angel Street," an all-student production of Patrick Hamilton's popular thriller. Florida Atlantic University Theater, east of I-95 on Glades Road, Boca Raton. Performances at 8:30 p.m. Dec. 9 and 10, 2:30 p.m. Dec. 11. 395-5100, ext. 2531.
- Dec. 10:** "Bananas," a fun-filled show based on old-time vaudeville, for youngsters 5 to 14. Poinciana Children's Theater, Royal Poinciana Playhouse, Palm Beach. 659-5142.
- Dec. 12-Jan. 7:** "Grease," an amusing rock and roll musical spoofing teenage life in the '50s. 8:30 p.m. Parker Playhouse, 707 NE 8th St., Fort Lauderdale. 764-0700.
- Dec. 26-30:** "The Fantasticks," a musical comedy. Martin County Players, 2400 SE Ocean Blvd., Stuart. Curtain time 8:30 p.m. 287-9884 or 287-0676.

MUSIC

- Dec. 6-7:** Fort Lauderdale Symphony Orchestra. Emerson Buckley conducting; Robert McCabe, pianist. 8:30 p.m. War Memorial Auditorium, 1430 No. Federal Hwy., Fort Lauderdale. 561-2997.
- Dec. 7:** Ivan Rebhoff and his balalaika ensemble. 8:30 p.m. Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach. Reservations required. 655-7226.
- Dec. 9, 11, 13:** Beverly Sills starring in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," sponsored by Civic Opera of the Palm Beaches. 8:15 p.m. West Palm Beach Auditorium, Palm Beach Lakes Boulevard. 683-6012.



Beverly Sills

- Dec. 12:** Gregory Schatten, Van Cliburn Award-winning concert pianist. 8:30 p.m. Florida Atlantic University Theater, east of I-95 on Glades Road, Boca Raton. 395-5100, ext. 2531.
- Dec. 13:** Marcus Thompson, solo violist in recital. 8 p.m. Norton Gallery Theater, 1451 So. Olive Ave., West Palm Beach. 832-5194.
- Dec. 16-17:** Florida Atlantic University Music Guild, annual scholarship competition. 8:30 p.m. University

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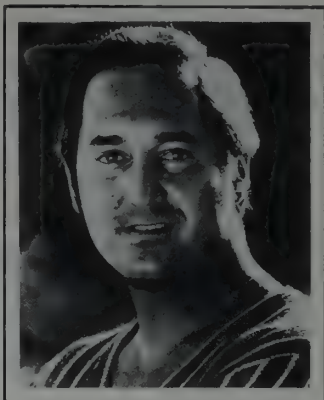


Theater, east of I-95 on Glades Road, Boca Raton. 395-5100, ext. 2531.

Dec. 17: Pianist Emanuel Ax, guest soloist with Florida Symphony Orchestra. 8 p.m. West Palm Beach Auditorium, Palm Beach Lakes Boulevard. 683-6012.

Dec. 18: Greater Palm Beach Symphony concert. Rudolf Firkusny, pianist. 8:30 p.m. Royal Poinciana Playhouse, Palm Beach. 659-5640.

Dec. 26 - Jan. 1: Neil Sedaka, Sunrise Musical Theater, 5555 NW 95th Ave., Sunrise, N.W. Fort Lauderdale. 741-7300. Performances nightly at 8:30 except Dec. 31, 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. Matinee Dec. 28 at 2:30 p.m.



Neil Sedaka

Dec. 29-30: "The Nutcracker," sponsored by Opera Ballet. West Palm Beach Auditorium, Palm Beach Lakes Boulevard. Dec. 29, 8 p.m. Dec. 30, 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. 683-6012.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Dec. 2-24: Contemporary American Painting, the 39th annual exhibition. Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach. 655-7226. Members-only preview Dec. 2. Gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 5

p.m. Monday through Saturday. Sunday, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Dec. 2-4: Dean's Antique Show, West Palm Beach Auditorium, Palm Beach Lakes Boulevard. Dec. 2 and 3, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Dec. 4, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. 683-6012.

Dec. 5: Palm Beach Round Table Dinner-Dance. 7:30 p.m. Venetian Ballroom, Breakers Hotel, Palm Beach. Reservations required. 655-5653.

Dec. 8: Benefit Luncheon for Poinciana Children's Theater, featuring fashions from Roberta di Camerino. 12:30 p.m. Poinciana Club, 70 Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach. Reservations required. 659-3144.

Dec. 18: Mercer Helms Magic Show, a special event for youngsters. 4:30 p.m. Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach. Reservations required. 655-7226.

Dec. 18 - Jan. 15: An Exhibit of Miniature Soldiers. Henry Morrison Flagler Museum, Whitehall Way, Palm Beach. 655-2833. **Annual Christmas tree lighting** ceremony Dec. 18 at 4 p.m., featuring a barbershop quartet, organ and piano music.

Dec. 19-22: Dennis Wayne's Dancers, ballet performance. 8 p.m. Royal Poinciana Playhouse, Palm Beach. 659-4011. Matinees Wednesday and Thursday at 2 p.m.

Dec. 27: A Night With Irving Caesar to benefit the Poinciana Children's Theater. Royal Poinciana Playhouse, Palm Beach. 659-5142.

Dec. 29: Palm Beach Opera Ball and Debutante Cotillion to benefit the Civic Opera of the Palm Beaches. 8 p.m. Venetian Ballroom, Breakers Hotel, Palm Beach. 655-2285.

ATTRACTIONS

Lion Country Safari. Hundreds of lions and other wild animals roam the area, which has been designed to resemble their native habitat. Opens 9:30 a.m. Just west of Florida Turnpike on State Road 80.

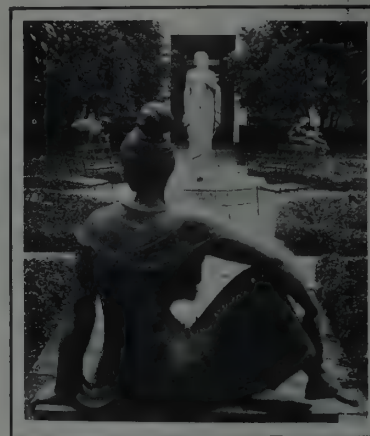
Science Museum and Planetarium. "A Christmas Pageant" will be shown at the planetarium Tuesday through Sunday at 3 p.m.; additional showings Tuesday and Thursday at 8 p.m. The museum is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.; also Tuesday and Thursday, 6:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. 832-1988.

Society of the Four Arts. Library and gardens are open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach. 655-7226.

MUSEUMS

Henry Morrison Flagler Museum. Open Tuesday through Sunday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Whitehall Way, Palm Beach. 655-2833.

Norton Gallery of Art. Museum hours are Tuesday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. 1451 S. Olive Ave., West Palm Beach. 832-5194.



The Norton Gallery of Art

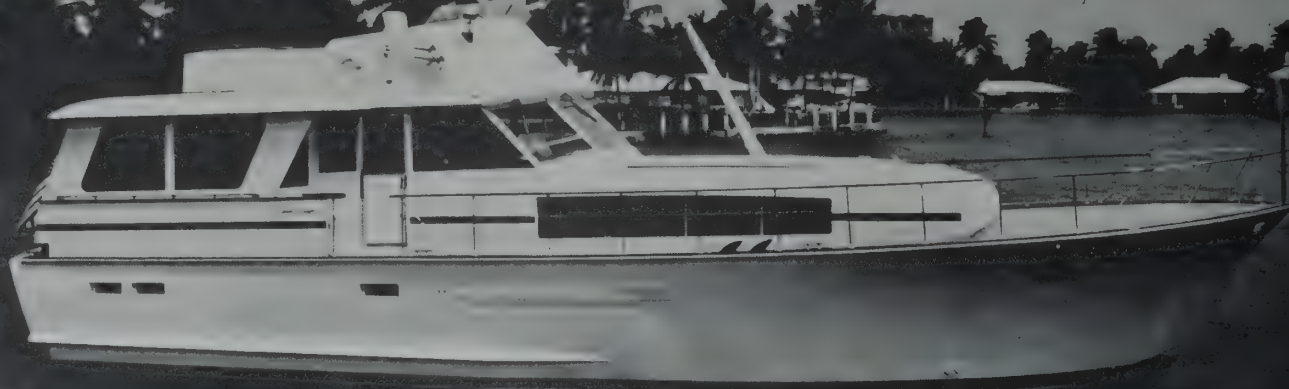
SPORTS

Dec. 5: Miami Dolphins vs. Baltimore Colts. 1 p.m. At the Orange Bowl, 1501 NW 3rd St., Miami. 642-5211.

Calder Race Course. Open Monday through Saturday. 210th St. and NW 27th Ave., Miami. 625-1311.

Jai Alai Fronton. Play begins nightly, except Sunday, at 7:30. Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. 1415 W. 45th St., West Palm Beach. 844-2444. □

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FIRST EDITIONS

There is almost an embarrassment of goodies this year for Christmas giving — books for yourself and for friends you want to please. It is as if publishers had upended a cornucopia of tantalizing bonbons and entertainments, any one of which will prove enjoyable.

One of the top novels on my list is John Le Carre's *The Honorable Schoolboy* (Knopf, \$10.95). A thriller that is at the same time a substantial book in its own right, the book develops an intricate intrigue, set in the Far East, between the British and Soviet secret services. George Smiley, the bespectacled and pudgy British intelligence agent, pits his wits against Karla, the Russian operative. A master manipulator of plot and action,



John Le Carre

Le Carre creates a realistic tension in this novel between the claims of the individual and those of the secret service. It is this conflict of loyalties that gives his book an extra dimension, lifting it above the level of a simple thriller. And the conflict comes through as real because Le Carre has gone to the pains of creating a host of sharply etched characters and organizing their interactions superbly.

A very close runner-up to John Le Carre as a novelist is another Briton, John Fowles. Several years ago he enthralled us with *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and now he bids to capture our imagination entirely with *Daniel Martin* (Little, Brown, \$12.95), a book both talented and brilliant. The novel's hero is Daniel Martin, a frustrated and tormented Hollywood screen writer who, looking back on his British adolescence, returns to England and links up with his former friends now grown up. Fowles has that extraordinary dramatist's ability to let you see all sides of a place, a relationship, a situation, a human being, before he lets you make up your own mind. It is the magic world of make-believe that Fowles creates, a world that is truer than life because it is enlarged beyond our experience; yet it is a world from which we can easily extract truths about human nature. *Daniel Martin* is written with vigor and sophistication, and I commend it to you.

Persons of great fortune who play peekaboo with the public tend to whet one's curiosity. Aristotle Onassis was surely one of those who created a mystery of his life and who excited all sorts of dark suspicions about himself. His widow Jackie told a friend of mine the other day that Ari made her

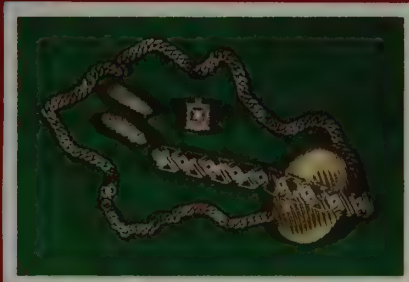
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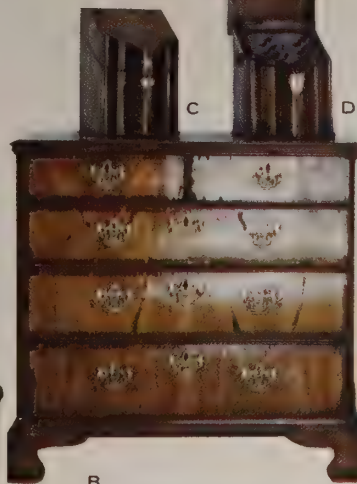
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do "awful things and was terrible" to her, so I was glad to read *Aristotle Onassis*, a biography jointly put together by *The London Sunday Times* team of Nicholas Fraser, Philip Jacobson, Mark Ottaway and Lewis Chester (Lippincott, \$12.50). Ari emerges as a man of stealth and panache, who amassed enormous wealth and yet, raking in money aside, never seemed to know what he really wanted out of life. He could be agreeable and he could also be a rogue. Strongly anecdotal, this biography is a character study of an infinitely fascinating man. It is bound to amuse and beguile you, and yet leave you wondering if there isn't more to tell.

Speaking of legends, John Barrymore certainly qualifies; and now John Kobler has pulled all the parts of his life together in a fine biography, *Damned in Paradise: The Life of John Barrymore* (Atheneum, \$12.95). Most of us, I suspect, remember him as a movie actor, "The Profile" in *Grand Hotel*, *Rasputin and the Empress* and *Counselor-at-Law*. In all, Barrymore played in 57 films, many of them trash. What stood out was his ability to project himself into a dramatic character and then let that character transcend his own individuality. It was this same genius that had made him luminous on the stage. Kobler depicts Barrymore's professional talents very well, but the heart of his book is the actor's own tragic life and his descent into self-destruction. Success seemed to impel him downward, and we follow his boozy and woman-filled years with compassion. Kobler's artful biography gives us Barrymore from the inside.

An autobiography that is glorious, revealing and witty is *John Hammond on Record: An Autobiography with Irving Townsend* (Summit Books, \$12.50). It is the story of John Hays Hammond, the discoverer of jazz talent in American music. He is also Benny Goodman's brother-in-law. An utterly delightful story-spinner, Hammond conducts us to the heart of the jazz world and introduces us to his friends whose music, after a long struggle, has become authentically American. But Hammond is too modest: if any one person is the godfather of jazz, it is he. He has promoted it, recorded it and given it a history. His account of his triumph is wonderful, just wonderful, and you'll surely want to read it.

Not just another art book with well-reproduced pictures, Mahonri Sharp Young's *American Realists: Homer to Hoppper* (Watson-Guptill, \$35) is distinguished for its series of 15 essays on the artists whose works this book celebrates. Young wields a tart typewriter, so his portraits, which are written with uncommon felicity, hit the mark with gratifying accuracy. *American Realists* is definitely the book of choice for art lovers on your list, as well as for those who enjoy masterly profiles. Many of the 138 plates are in color, and they are representative of American painting before the abstract expressionists gained public fancy.

It isn't fair to disclose the plot of a suspense novel, but I think it's quite all right to tell you that Berton Roueche's *Fago* (Harper & Row, \$8.95) is a humdinger. Roueche is that admirable *New Yorker* writer whose "Annals of Medicine" series you've certainly read. *Fago* is Roueche's flip side, a tightly plotted, tautly told whodunit.

Another dish for the Christmas feast is an unusual and gripping book of anthropology, Georges Condominas' *We Have Eaten the Forest* (Hill and Wang, \$17.50). French-educated and highly praised by Claude Levi-Strauss, Condominas chronicles the story of a Montagnard village in the

(Continued on page 34)



White crepe, stroked with bands of blue—soft, sensual, absolutely sensational with the first touch of a tan. It's just the dress to wear for dinner, at, say, the captain's table. Or, as here, aboard the Aratusa Supper Club, which is docked permanently in New Jersey. This, by Albert Nipon, of rayon, sizes 6 to 12, \$178. Fifth Avenue Shop.

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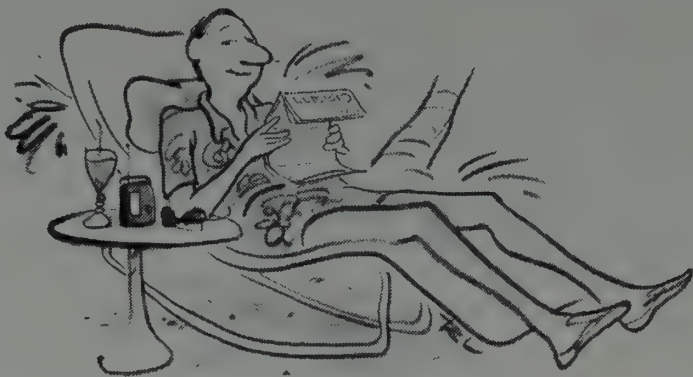


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FIRST EDITIONS

(Continued from page 30)

central highlands of Vietnam. Written without jargon, the book documents the lives and ritual procedures of a shamanistic community deeply identified with the land. This is not a book for everyone, but I think it will fill the bill for a serious-minded friend who is interested in the life style of a tribal people.

Let me conclude by commenting very briefly on several books that may catch your fancy because they were much talked about this fall. The black experience in the United States is movingly summed up in Toni Morrison's *Song of Solomon* (Knopf, \$8.95), a novel of family life that is unsparing, loving and tender. A crime without a solution but with many victims is the spine of John Gregory Dunne's *True Confessions* (Dutton, \$9.95). A versatile writer, Dunne will appeal to those who like a crackling story that is also a meditation. For the armchair explorer, I am high on Peter Forbath's *The River Congo* (Harper & Row), which tells in sprightly style all that is known about the river's discovery and exploitation. Then, in case you can't resist Harold Robbins, try *Dreams Die First* (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95). I think Robbins has lost his zing, but that's a minority report. Friends of John Wayne, shoulder arms! For \$15 you can bestow a deluxe autographed edition of the actor's toast to the United States: *America, Why I Love Her* (Simon and Schuster). What better present for the man who has everything? □

Nationally known for his book criticism and commentary, Alden Whitman is a writer for The New York Times.

PALM BEACH LIFE

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Fishing in Panama; hunting in New Mexico; Malta; Norway; Cancun; Guadeloupe and Martinique; Oscar de la Renta's travel resort; the Whitney doll house.

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Gardens of Palm Beach; croquet; exotic birds of Florida; Noel Coward; cosmetics through history.

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Bluegrass society; Los Angeles; truffles; Stonehenge; dance in the Palm Beaches.

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High-powered road cars; Stiltsville; Costa del Sol; the Rolls-Royce story; Naples; Marjory Stoneman Douglas; at home with Princess Zalstem-Zalesky.

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The Penny-Pinching Millionaire's CHRISTMAS catalogue

While a certain prestigious specialty store may offer his and her windmills at \$16,000 each, most Christmas shoppers search for gifts on a somewhat smaller scale. Shown here are the least expensive items from some of the world's best stores — top quality at penny-pinching prices.

BY JACQUELINE MITCHELL

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN LEEK



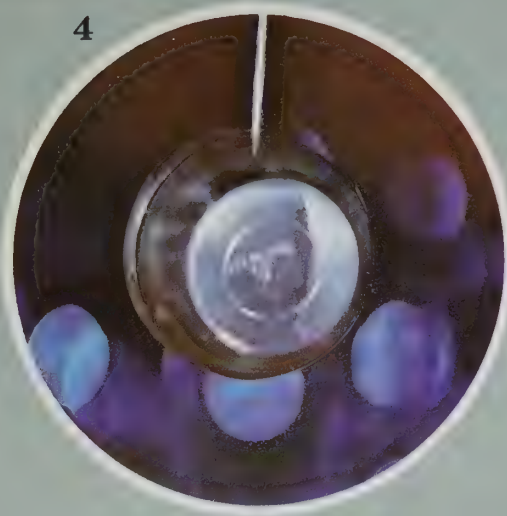
1. Imported from Italy, a hand-painted porcelain candlestick is \$10 at Bonwit Teller.



2. At the Au Bon Gout private shopping club in Palm Beach, three gourmet treats: curried cashews, \$3.50; salad dressing, \$3; and "Flying Saucers," \$3.



3. Boldly striped in the familiar Gucci red, green and gold, three porcelain ashtrays are \$34 the set.



4. For the child — or adult — who has everything, a sterling silver yo-yo from Cartier, \$8.

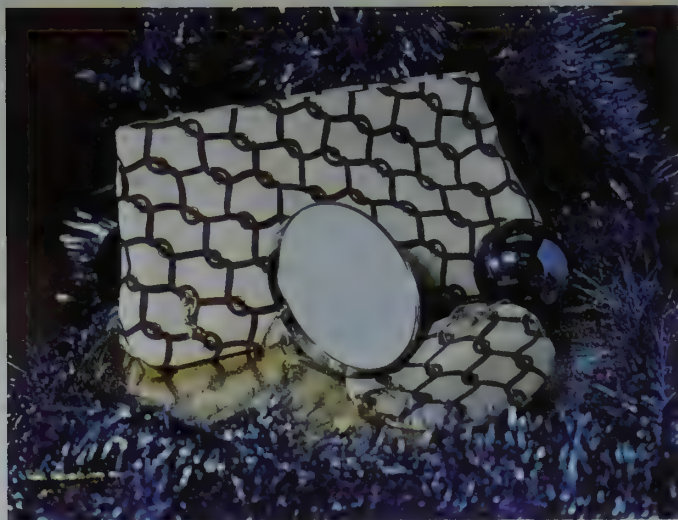


Christmas decorations courtesy of
Christmas With Dorice.

5



6



7



8



9



5. Hermes' monogrammed silk tie, \$32, and casual leather bracelet, \$50.

6. From Roberta di Camerino, a cotton cosmetic case and matching mirror are \$8 and \$9.

7. Softly scented drawer lining paper is \$4.50 a box at Saks Fifth Avenue.

8. A pretty from Elizabeth Arden, the new Chloe soap in its traveling case is \$6.



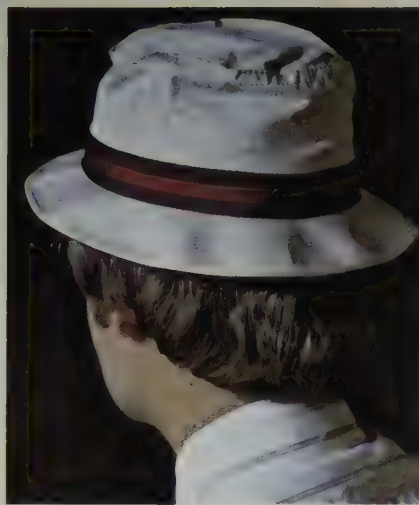
10



11



12



13



14

9. A nice way to hold onto your cash, a 14 kt. gold paper clip from Van Cleef & Arpels, \$80.

10. Casual jewelry from Alan Duddle: necklace (top), \$18; pendant, \$48; chain belt, \$75.

11. Two super soft cashmere scarves by Yves Saint Laurent are \$38 each at Martha's.

12. An exotically lacquered oriental hand mirror is \$20 at Neiman-Marcus.

13. Maus & Hoffman's famous golf hat goes out in the rain too. \$12.50.

14. From Sara Fredericks, a slinky gold-toned necklace, \$25, and matching "stretch" bracelet, \$15.

Secrets of Fish Cookery

Chances are, Palm Beach fisherman/gourmet Al J. McClane can provide an answer to your every piscatorial question — even to some you didn't know enough to ask.

BY ROSA TUSA

If you think of encyclopedias giving information on one field of knowledge as insensitive, spiritless textbooks, then you haven't seen Al J. McClane's *Encyclopedia of Fish Cookery* (\$35) recently published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

This book is a must for cooks and

anglers, or anyone with a passion for fish and shellfish. It is magnificent to see, with color illustrations throughout; fascinating to read; indispensable for reference, and delicious to use for the best in fish fare.

The author, a Palm Beach resident who has fished virtually every country

in the world as fishing editor of *Field & Stream* for 30 years, has been called a "master fisherman and master fishing writer." He is also a gourmet and an excellent cook. A member of various wine and food societies, McClane serves as a Grand Officier of the Palm Beach Chapter of the Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin. The author of eight books, his other major work, *McClane's New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*, recognized as the classic reference for anglers, has already sold more than a million copies.

McClane's latest opus presents all edible fresh and saltwater varieties available around the globe — where they swim, how they are caught and marketed, and most of all how they are best prepared, cooked and served. In a lifetime dedicated to piscatorial matters, the author has enjoyed every fish, bivalve, mollusk and crustacean described in his book, plus many others too far removed from modern kitchens, he says, to warrant inclusion.

"There is no end to the imaginative variety possible in fish cookery, but this cookery suffers in our country for lack of hard information," he says. Not in the sense of kitchen technique, but in understanding the raw materials. "Many fish, crustaceans and mollusks go unutilized because they are not recognized as being edible."

During the three years it took to write the book, McClane traveled to many lands, from Alaska to Finland, from Scotland to Tierra del Fuego, visiting markets and restaurants and talking with suppliers and the fishermen themselves. Many of the recipes were contributed by some of the world's finest seafood chefs.

With McClane's encyclopedia beside you, you'll learn to make a perfect tempura as prepared at the Nippon

(Continued on page 102)



1. Assemble ingredients

2. Peel apples

3. Remove cores from stem ends



4. Mix cooked shrimps into bechamel sauce

5. Stuff apples with shrimp mixture

6. Place apples in a buttered casserole



7. Dust sole fillets with flour

8. Brown fillets in butter and olive oil

9. Brown on the second sides



10. Place a baked apple on each fillet

11. Cut an "N" from each slice of bread

12. Place the "N" against the apple; add parsley butter



Diamonds Are Forever ... Maybe



BY JACQUELINE MITCHELL • PHOTOS BY STEPHEN LEEK

"I need huge quantities of diamonds, but I can't get them."

No, it isn't Lorelei Lee or Jacqueline Onassis speaking. It's Josef Barr, president of the Palm Beach-based firm of Jewelmasters, Inc. In a world growing ever more concerned about shortages, diamonds, it seems, can be added to the list.

Mr. Barr's company — founded by his father in Philadelphia many years ago — supplies gold and gemstone jewelry to such stores as Goldwater's, Joseph Horne Co., J. W. Robinson's and, appropriately, The Diamond.

Going into Christmas production in his workrooms on Worth Avenue, Barr wrestled with a problem most women wish they had: he had all the money needed to purchase diamonds (they normally have an inventory worth \$14 million), but was having trouble getting all he wanted.

The problem, says Barr, lies not in what the earth is giving up, but what DeBeers, the African diamond syndicate, is holding onto.

"DeBeers," Barr says, "is holding back the stones for financial reasons. The price rises already have been substantial. In the last two years, the smaller sizes have gone up 70 to 80 per cent. The larger stones — one carat and up — have doubled in price."

Worse yet, he sees prices going even higher.

The situation, he says, is a result of inflation and politics, as the Russians establish their foothold in Africa.

"Diamonds are a controlled commodity," Barr says, "and the Russians have been mining them for some time now. They control mines in Angola and Mozambique.

The Russians had been staying in line with the syndicate, but now they want to get as much as they can get.

"Also," Barr says, "the syndicate claims to have a shortage of goods." Here's how it works.

About every six weeks, the syndicate gives out their "rough" pack-

ages of diamonds to 200 firms in the world. These brokers, according to Barr, then break the packages down into smaller packages. But in the last few years, many of the brokers are not "cutting" the packages. They are

diamonds as a sound investment?

"It is," he says thoughtfully, "a tricky business, with many pitfalls. To get your money's worth, you must know what you are buying. You must buy very good stones — cut, but un-

set, of course."

Palm Beachers are in the fortunate position of being able to purchase Barr's jewelry, which is designed and created right on the premises, at a considerably lower price than in the department stores.

Visitors to the company's offices are carefully looked over by an electronic eye before they are buzzed onto the premises.

Behind glass windows, craftsmen, many of them European, can be seen carving gold into various shapes with fine saws. Peering through his magnifying glass, another worker carefully sets dozens of little diamonds into a slender gold necklace. Most of the pieces are made in quantity for department stores around the country, but special orders get special attention.

Says Barr: "I call myself the friendly family jeweler. We have a rather unique operation, I think. We will create pieces to order. We will handle fine estate jewelry from time to time in a rather special way. The owner can sit back and wait for the best price."

Barr is proud of his jewelry designs, many of which he himself creates — and names. Showing the beauties being prepared for Christmas, he points out "Diamonds in the Nude" ("As if there are no settings at all," he explains), the Nail Set, the Pyramid Look and the Master's Touch.

Barr discreetly refrains from naming his customers who purchase the king-size

diamonds for the queens of Palm Beach. Perhaps some of those stones, like Marjorie Merriweather Post's 127-carat glory, the "Portuguese," may end their days resting not on a glamorous throat, but in a bullet-proof case at Washington's Smithsonian Institution. □



Opposite: 62 carats of diamond chips and stones provide a dazzling backdrop for an 11.42-carat, \$130,000 diamond ring. Top: from Jewelmasters, a gold and diamond necklace and matching earrings, about \$9,000. Above: an opal and diamond butterfly evolves in the Jewelmasters workrooms.

selling the whole lot for 15 to 30 per cent more than they paid. The syndicate, says Barr, doesn't like this, so it's pushing up the price. "It's a merry-go-round with no end in sight."

And the solution? "I don't see one," he says simply.

What does he think, then, of

Brown and beige tones complement the paneled ceiling (below) in Hap and Dede Lewis' West Palm Beach home. It was the spacious property (right) on which the house is located that originally attracted them.



Contemporary furnishings in the bar area blend comfortably with the Mexican furniture in the dining room.

A stained glass window (above right) filters the sunlight shining into the foyer. Paddle fans in the family room (right) keep it a cool retreat for the Lewises and their son Greg.



An Architect's Own

PHOTOS BY AKIRA SUWA

When an architect goes shopping for a home it seems reasonable to suspect he'd be a hard man to please. In a way Hap (Howarth) Lewis Jr. was an exception.

"Neither of us liked this house when we first saw it," Dede Lewis says. "It was a cracker box and it didn't suit our life style at all. What we both fell in love with was the property. It's 200 feet wide and 165 feet deep. That's unusual for property in the center of town.

"Judge Curtis Chillingworth had owned the house and he spent more time outside than he did inside. The garden was in superb condition. He had planted a variety of fruit trees. There's even a peach tree that's still doing nicely."

The house on Dyer Road in West Palm Beach was built in the mid '20s. Judge Chillingworth's daughter says the towering palm tree in front once grew where the Harvey Building stands on Datura Street. The Chillingworths had owned a home there, too.

A series of major remodeling projects have made the house the spacious home it is today. The kitchen was redone completely and the pecky cypress

beams in the living area were stripped of their white paint to reveal the natural beauty of the old wood.

"Our major project was to open up the house," Mrs. Lewis says. "We changed all the windows so the house would have a more breezy feeling. The next major project was to convert the maid's room and two-car garage into a playroom for the children. We added a pool table and game area so they would have a place to entertain their friends.

"Just recently we converted the playroom into living quarters for my mother-in-law. She has a sleeping alcove and a sitting area.

"We figured the pool table would be an unwelcome intrusion when her friends came to call so we opened the dining room and added a family room adjoining it right beside the pool. The way the house is situated we catch a marvelous breeze off the lake. The only time we turn on the air conditioner is when we have a large party."

The Lewis home is a casual, easy house which will easily accommodate 200 for dinner without losing its homey feeling. Dede and Hap have created a welcoming atmosphere by skillfully blending contemporary furnishings with some very old pieces bought in Mexico.

"It was no problem at all for us to select a color scheme. We're both very earthy people so we used the earth tones throughout the house," Dede explains. Soft beige carpets accent the dark wood floors, and touches of yellow and bright green add accent notes.

"Every now and then Hap begins to feel it's time we change our life style. We drive all over the area looking at houses and property. Each time we make these excursions I end up appreciating my own house more than ever," Dede admits.

— KATHRYN ROBINETTE



Fashion designer
di Camerino . . .

Not a Fashion Dictator

BY KATHRYN ROBINETTE

Once upon a time leaders in the fashion world sat at their drawing boards sketching designs which would eventually become high style uniforms. If the designers in Paris said hemlines would fall, fall they did, and women around the world would cover their calves on cue.

"There does not exist anymore the fashion dictator," says Giuliana di Camerino, who probably could be one if she wanted to. "Now designers propose new ideas and they create styles. But the woman, she makes her own decisions."

Mrs. di Camerino's accent reflects her Italian heritage and her statements are punctuated with gestures. "For me it is the same always. The garments should skim the body. They should be easy and feminine. They should show the shape, but very loosely."

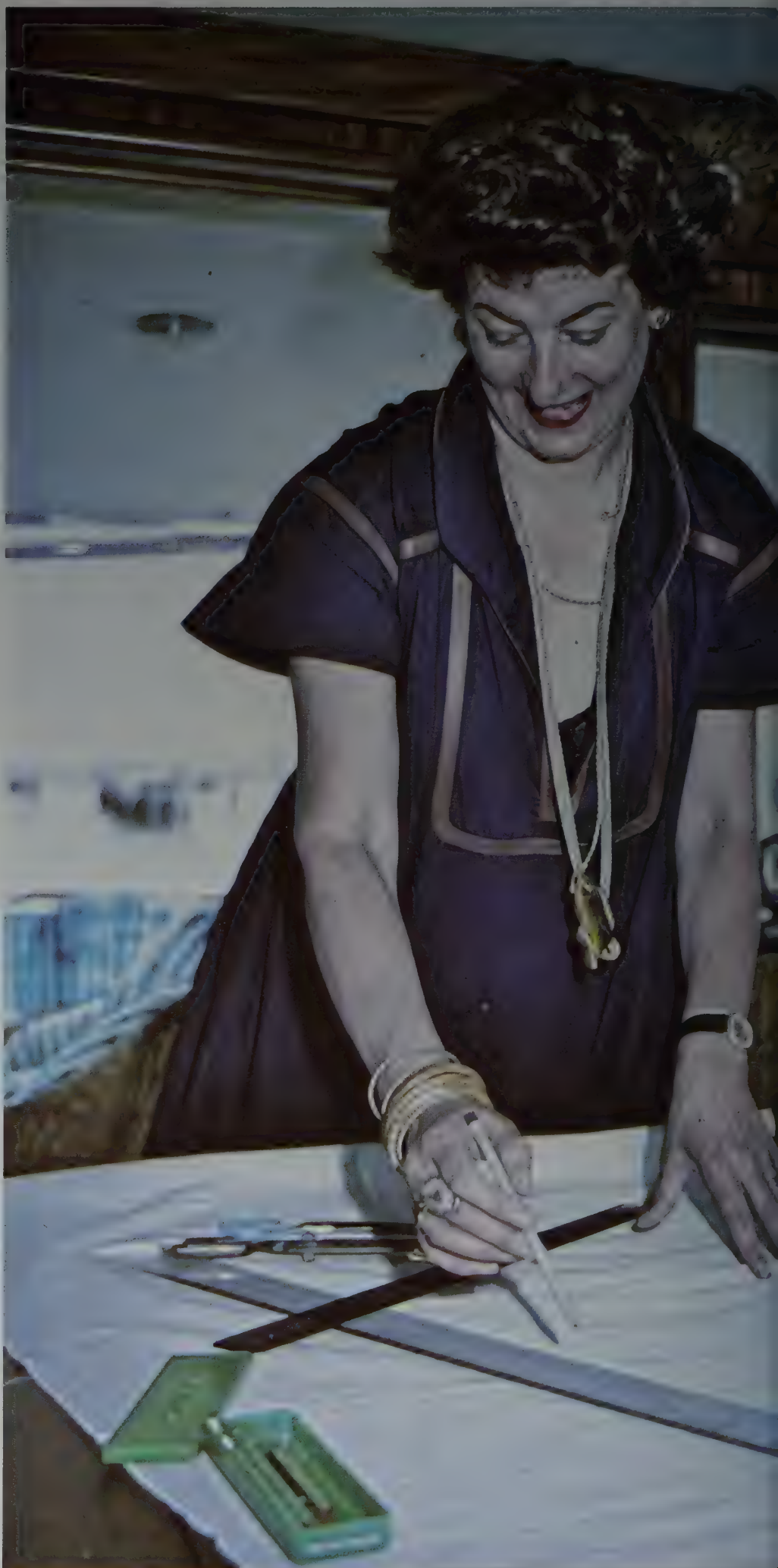
This is the same premise she started with when she began designing seriously in 1943, and she hasn't deviated from that basic idea. When she was a student she designed dresses for school plays. Friends persuaded her to extend her talents to street wear as well, and she was launched on a career which now spans several continents.

"I was married during the war," she says, "and I had a son. We lived in Switzerland and I was mostly making these designs for amusement. Then this

(Continued on page 62)

PHOTO BY STEPHEN LEEK

For Giuliana di Camerino, designing aboard her yacht is an ideal mixture of business and pleasure. Her international chain of boutiques is named for her daughter Roberta.





Sketches by Doris Cameon



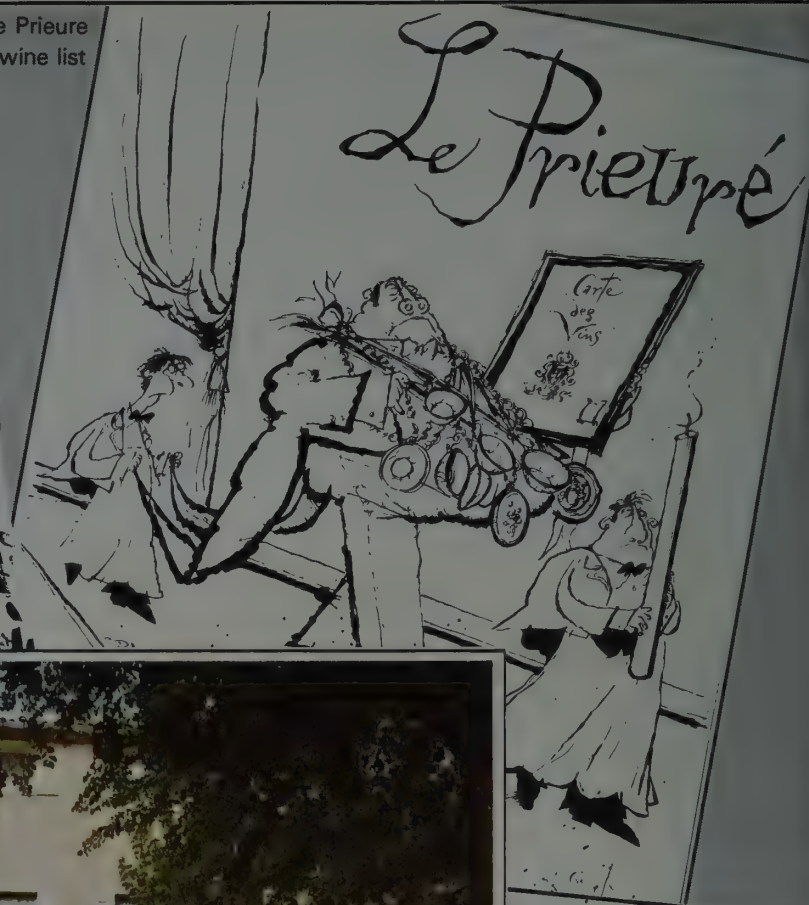
The di Camerino collection for winter includes a slim, short-sleeved dinner dress (far left) in shades of cream, brown and beige.

The designer likes leather for daytime wear (top). The Shetland sweater is trimmed with leather banding. The tunic look is shown (center) in black and white herringbone wool. It's worn over a black wool turtleneck blouse and flannel pants.

The tunic look goes long and loose for street wear. It's shown (bottom) with deep, low shoulders worn over a black sweater/blouse.

Le Prieure

Le Prieure
wine list



Lac d'Annecy

Auberge du Pere Bise

Le Cagnard

Opposite, center:
Le Relais a Mougins,
one of the Riviera's
finest restaurants.

Inn-Hopping on France's Chateaux Circuit

BY BETTY AND MORTON YARMON



An assortment of cheeses is a delightful accompaniment to meals at Le Cagnard, a 13th century chateau a few miles southwest of Nice.



France's best-kept secret? The Auberge du Pere Bise, near Lake Annecy, perennially earns a three-star rating in the Guide Michelin.

Like Jacques Brel, charm and elegance and luxury are alive and well throughout France. The difference between today and years gone by is that now you have to search them out, behind the crowds and the high-rises that dot so much of the country.

To help simplify your search, the best inns of France — those that are able to make it in an era when large hotels seem to need tours and conventions to survive — have joined with some of the world's foremost restaurants in an organization named Relais et Chateaux. We used its directory to plan a month's trip last summer.

MERIDIEN

Our first night was spent at the Meridien in Nice. It had been built since we were last in the resort city, on the site of the torn-down Ruhl, facing the park that emerges from the angle of the Promenade des Anglais and the Avenue Gustav V of Sweden. We were lured from the venerable Negresco by news of a rooftop swimming pool, and

also by our own recollection of the Meridien in Rio, a gracious bird that rises high over Copacabana.

As we arrived, a band concert was in progress in the park, a throwback to an era long since past even in most of Europe, where such concerts once were commonplace.

Across the park from the Meridien was Nice's Marche aux Fleurs, which offers not only magnificent flowers but also delicious fruits, vegetables, meats and fish. Smart Nicois shop here. And as it turned out, so do the restaurateurs of the area — the only difference being that the pros get to the market in the early morning hours to assure themselves the choicest pick.

Also near this park is the Rue Paradis, a shopping street closed to traffic. You can stroll from one side to the other without worrying about the wild French drivers. The Rue Paradis includes boutiques of some of France's top fashion names, among them St. Laurent and Vuitton.

The Meridien itself, however,

turned out to be such a medley of unpar-donables — lost reservations, misplaced mail, garbled phone messages, topped by a wake-up call in the early morning hours meant for someone else — that it served as an exclamation point to what is so wrong with hotels these days. And, ironically, it served us well as a starter for our trip since everything had to be an improvement from here on in.

And so it was. Our first stop proved this, when we drove in our rented Peugeot a few miles to Cagnes-sur-Mer, the town just south of Nice where Renoir spent his last years.

We turned right and up the hill to Haut-de-Cagnes, parked in the tiny village square and enjoyed a morning coffee before visiting the Chateau Grimaldi — Grimaldi being a name to reckon with in this part of the world, long before anyone ever heard of Grace Kelly. We had been to other museums with the Grimaldi name; this one is a Provencal museum that houses old olive presses,

(Continued on page 67)

BY KATHRYN ROBINETTE

The doors to the bank's vault clanged shut and before the echoes had died away the caterers and decorators were there getting ready for a party. Not a day like all days, to be sure, but not all that different at the First National Bank in Palm Beach.

"It was a benefit for the Heart Association," William K. deVeer says, explaining all the non-fiscal activity. "We like to think our bank is part of the total community, not just the business community. It wasn't the first party we've had here. We've even had two weddings. But since we've extended our banking hours it's going to be harder in the future to play the host role." Mr. deVeer is president of the bank, a position he's held since 1965.

"The First National has always been community-oriented," says Hazel Sowell who should know. She was there when the doors swung open for the first time Dec. 1, 1927. The bank was the brainchild of Francis Shaughnessy who was the first president. He had moved to Palm Beach in 1926 as the representative of the Central Farmers' Trust Co. of West Palm Beach.

"The old bank, the First Bank and Trust Co., had failed," Miss Sowell recalls. "This was the time when the land boom went boom. A loan they had made on some property failed. Turned out the property was underwater. Mr. Shaughnessy bought up the checking accounts from old man Gautelius who was the receiver and we got busy organizing a new bank.

"Maurice Fatio designed the building and it was a gorgeous thing. It looked like a little castle. We had 75 feet on South County Road. Addison Mizner made the iron doors at the entrance at his plant in West Palm Beach, and the ceiling was stenciled with the flags of all nations," she says.

1927 was hardly the most auspicious time to open a bank in Florida. All growth had virtually stopped in 1926 with the collapse of the land boom, and the southern part of the state had been badly battered by the killer hurricane of 1926. Two years later a second killer hurricane devastated Palm Beach County. When the stock market crashed in 1929 the effect was barely noticeable throughout most of the county, which was still numb from the real estate bust and the two hurricanes. In Palm Beach great fortunes trembled, but the little bank on South County

Palm Beach's First National Bank . . .

Capitalizing on



the Unconventional



Opposite: today's First National Bank building encompasses nearly an entire block on County Road; the original building, designed by Maurice Fatio in 1927; the bank's pre-Reynolds decor. This page, clockwise from above: the colorful and innovative second president, Wiley Reynolds Sr.; his son and successor, Wiley Reynolds Jr., with customer Gary Cooper; bank officer Bob Conn with Clark Gable during a 1944 visit; a customer takes advantage of the drive-in window, then the first in the state.



Road survived. Shaughnessy's idea of offering a very personalized service paid off.

"There were eight of us working for the bank when it first opened," Miss Sowell remembers. "I was the only woman and I posted the ledgers, answered the telephone, handled custodial chores and anything else that needed doing. The pay was \$70 per month (about \$16 per week). There wasn't any 40-hour week then. The bank was open six days and you worked until the work was done.

"There was no stenography service in town. If there was a letter to be written people would call the bank and say, 'Send Hazel over. I haven't paid my bills in six months and I need some letters written.'"

One of the first acts of the new bank was to pay off the entire deposit liability of the defunct First Bank and Trust. People remember magnanimous gestures like that.

Tapestries on the walls and 150 steel and copper engravings and etchings added to the cordial atmosphere. "The pictures are not solely for decorative purposes," Mr. Shaughnessy said at the time. "I find that when someone is waiting for an officer who happens to be engaged, the visitor bides his time with less irritation when he has a collection of pictures to look at than if he were compelled to sit and twirl his thumbs.

"We are constantly adding new things and new services to the bank from time to time, and if we find they are not popular we discard them immediately."

One of Shaughnessy's innovations was a file of dozens of newspapers from different cities in the United States and several foreign countries. Current telephone directories from scores of cities were also kept on file.

Shaughnessy's wife Jessie was a member of the Hood Tire Co. family of Jackson, Mich. They lived at 110 Clarke Ave. in Palm Beach. Her sister, Nettie Hood, married Wiley Reynolds who became president of the bank when Shaughnessy died in 1937. Reynolds had retired in 1926, but he decided to buy the bank from his sister-in-law. The fact that he had scanty banking experience probably didn't deter him for a minute. "I wanted to build up a good business for my son," he told people.

"P.T. Barnum couldn't hold a can-
(Continued on page 58)

The Woman Behind the Strikers

BY LAWRENCE MAHONEY

It has been a season of unprecedented passion and color — even a conference title and a first-rate record, 19-7 — and yet people and the press still ask Elizabeth Robbie: will her Fort Lauderdale Strikers of the North American Soccer League survive?

There are two reasons for the skepticism: the innate sports conservatism of the American fan, and the previous 10 futile years of efforts to establish professional soccer in the U.S. The Miami experience with pro soccer, for instance, was a plain disaster.

But in case you haven't heard, the fans are won over. Not Cubans in Miami or Mexicans in Los Angeles, but Middle Americans — like in Broward County, the mammoth and mundane county sandwiched between Palm Beach and Dade. This is so even if the Dogpatch-end-of-Broward stadium does seat only 11,000.

Liz Robbie, managing general partner of the Fort Lauderdale Strikers — and, yes, wife of Joseph Robbie Jr., who owns the Miami Dolphins — has committed her considerable sports acumen to the feisty Broward newcomers. She has assumed 97 per cent of the franchise stock and assembled a mostly young and apparently quite hungry-for-success front-office staff. Lately

some rather miraculous stuff has been wrought on the field.

The Strikers are certainly interesting as a peculiar sports phenomenon in South Florida. But so is the woman who owns them.

I first met Liz Robbie at a tailgating party just prior to the Strikers-Minnesota Kicks sellout game. The sun slid into the Everglades just west of Lockhart Stadium, which looks as if it couldn't suffice for a junior high football championship. But suffice it does. The tailgating — eating fried chicken and sipping bourbon from the back of a station wagon or pickup truck — was on a big scale.

A large man in a gorilla costume wandered between vehicles singing, "Strikers I love you . . . Oh yes I dooo." The Fort Lauderdale fencing club was adeptly puncturing balloons pinned over hearts. A girl with a bare midriff swung by, the Striker emblem painted in acrylics below her navel. The offi-

cial Striker band, all four pieces of it, filed into Lockhart. It was show biz and circus and sport.

Liz Robbie was modest about her role in it. She agreed to an interview, but at her home in Miami Shores. Having come to Miami from Minneapolis when the Dolphins were so many miles from making it, this game with the Kicks meant something special to her.

She went up to her seat in the press box. The Striker gorilla walked back by, said "Whew" and took off his shaggy headpiece. Turned out to be little more than an ardent fan. I asked him what the name of the team specifically meant. "Boffo, man," the gorilla said. "You gotta understand the game, but I'll try to make it clear. A striker is a central forward position on the team with the major responsibility for scoring goals." Sort of like Joe Namath in that other form of football, I weakly offered. The gorilla smiled and went into the stadium.

Inside, he and Liz Robbie had further reason to smile. The Strikers kicked the pants off the Kicks. And during it all, Little Lockhart may have been the liveliest, loudest athletic arena I've ever seen.

One little thing that I learned from the program, however, made me wishful. Florida has one other NASL team, the Tampa Bay Rowdies. Rowdies — that's the best name in the league. And wouldn't this part of





Fort Lauderdale's professional soccer team — and team owner Liz Robbie — surprised the pundits with a winning season.

room filled with Joe's football paraphernalia: cartoons, mugs, autographed footballs and photos including a panel from the film *Black Sunday* in which Joe said that it would be more fitting to cancel Christmas than the Super Bowl. Jest for Paramount, of course. High on the wall was a museum-scale assortment of stuffed gamefish from the Gulf Stream, most notably a Csonka of a hammerhead shark. There were piles of magazines and newspapers everywhere — a well lived-in look.

"You saw our fans at the Kicks game?" she asked. "Let me tell you about this fan from Palm Beach. He goes to all the games. You know he bought a round-trip ticket from Fort Lauderdale International to Honolulu for our game with Hawaii?"

Then she pulled out a clip from a Fort Lauderdale newspaper article about the tailgating social scene that has sprung up around the Strikers. She asked me to read this: "Fort Lauderdale Vice Mayor Virginia Young said she read a story on the Strikers with a Fort Lauderdale dateline during her recent trip to Taiwan. 'I think it's great that we're identified with them and them with us,' she said."

As a Miamian, I sheepishly expressed regrets on losing the Strikers.

Mrs. Robbie's eyes flashed: "Shame on you. Miami never supported soccer. But make this clear. We consider the Strikers to belong to Miami and Fort Lauderdale and Palm Beach and the whole of southeast Florida."

The doorbell rang. It wasn't one of the Cuban rubber tree choppers. It was Joe Robbie in slacks and a pale blue Lacoste shirt showing a prominent paunch. Except for his Arabic nose, he looks like a Georgia Baptist preacher. He was toting a bale of sports pages. A lawyer. Owner of the once-kings of pro football. A flirter with Democratic Party politics. A gutsy fighter and a gracious gentleman. On Dec. 28, Joe and Liz will celebrate 35 years of a marriage that yielded 11 children and its share of happiness and tragedy.

"Did you hear that Ron Newman (the new Strikers coach) has just been named Coach of the Year?" Joe wheezed, dropping his stack of sports pages.

Mrs. Robbie nodded with pleasure. These folks *live* the sports pages. Joe exchanged some pleasantries about the Florida Panhandle after asking where I was from; then, to her, politely and almost like a small boy, he said: "I'm going to my room so I won't disturb you."

"We met at the University of South Dakota," she said with a smile,

Florida's team name have sounded better as the Broward Rowdies?

To learn about the more serious sides of the sport and the business I accepted Mrs. Robbie's invitation for an interview at her home. Though on the bayshore, it is not particularly striking: blah-50s ranch style, surrounded by common rubber trees which this day were being hacked to shreds by Cuban gardeners. There were long-haired kids playing in a carport-turned-billiard-room. Inside, a fat maid struggled with the wash.

A mongrel dog named Butch at her side, Mrs. Robbie came to greet me, her hair still wet from a shower following a tennis game with a son at the Palm Bay Club. She wore her traditional informal pantsuit, tinted glasses, close-cropped hair — a little woman approaching her 60s who seems both fragile and plump at the same time.

We sat in a large central living

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN LEEK



"in Vermillion. I'll tell you about that later."

What, precisely, is her role with the Strikers? Her modesty evades the question. "I talk with Krikor Yepremian about once a day. I don't go to the office (at 5100 N. Federal Hwy.) all that much."

Yepremian is a camel-trader-sharp businessman and brother of the Dolphins' famous placekicker Garo. Krikor has been nearly indispensable as the team's general manager. His efforts have helped give a decent burial to the scruffy remains of the Miami Gatos and Toros.

But, as Mrs. Robbie knows, merely going to the office every day can be left to the ordinary kind of employee. Her role has been of magnitude. The fact that she is married to Joe Robbie should not be ignored either.

Liz Robbie came strongly into what were then the Toros a year ago, beginning last season. "I was sort of the token woman. I did not seek total ownership. It just landed on me." There followed the radical surgery on the team. Big slices. Name. Location. Market strategy. "The Toros had a bad image," she said. "This was due in

part to their appeal, or rather lack of it, to the huge Cuban community. Cubans like baseball. Period. Almost all of the advertising budget went to the Spanish media. This was a real mistake."

Then Liz Robbie turned to what she thought was the crucial fact-of-sport that the new Strikers have seized upon. "We needed a new image of Middle

'Miami's experience with pro soccer was a plain disaster . . .'

America. The kids were playing the game and this was really vital and good. We wanted good family connections. We wanted women to attend the games. This became a key part of our strategy: we figured if the women came out, so would the men. And Broward County is the most Middle American of the three big counties of southeast Florida."

There was, however, a certain

Broward kiss-of-death tradition for big-league sports. "We went in cautiously," Mrs. Robbie said, "because we realized how Broward had just been ripped off by basketball and hockey franchises." And that little stadium out in the sticks off Commercial Boulevard was and is a problem. "We can't break even with a stadium that size," she said. "The city commission is studying it. We really feel these people appreciate us." Of course they do: Joe keeps threatening to move the Miami Dolphins up there.

In speaking with Liz Robbie about soccer, you get the distinct impression that she loves and appreciates the game as an antidote to a decade or more of the grunts and groans, politics and player holdouts of the gridiron. It becomes evident that soccer in the U.S. is fast on its way to becoming a suburban sport, and no longer an ethnic sport cherished only by the likes of Croats and Slovaks.

"Of course, I understand the game," she said with a laugh when I told her that most of the men and women sitting around me at the Kicks game kept looking for first downs and passes. "My son Brian was playing it at day school before all this happened.

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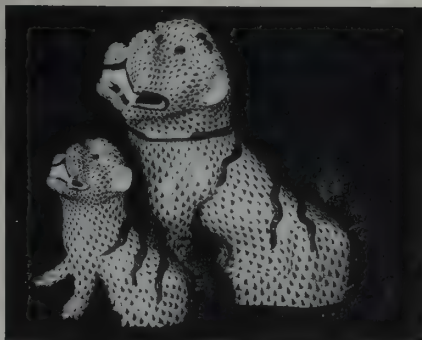
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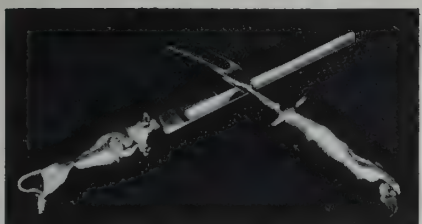
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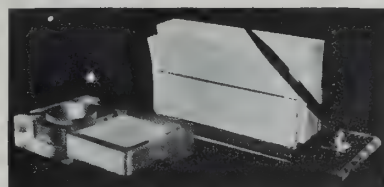
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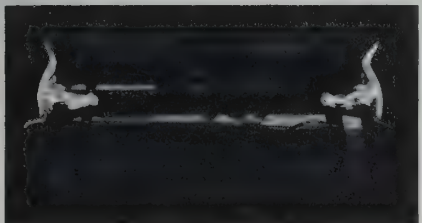
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"I generally make it to all the home games. Once, when the family was out in Hawaii, we wound up calling the *Miami Herald* from there to see how the Strikers had done in Los Angeles. Darned Honolulu paper wouldn't tell us."

Mrs. Robbie turned to something she considers quite special about her Strikers, something that would be unheard of in pro football. "There is this tremendous fan enthusiasm for soccer. After our games at Lockhart, there are parties for fans and players at a nearby Holiday Inn. Football players would never stand for that."

And just from where does this little woman speaking with such authority on the Greatest of American Sports Institutions, and its newest challenger, come from herself? Her roots are spotlessly Middle American, of course.

She's a Westerner, born in a speck of a place called Beresford, S.D. Daddy was a poor farmer. Canada's winters were no more arctic. Daddy Lyle

shipped corn and cattle to Sioux City. Running water and electricity did not exist. She had four sisters, two regular brothers and a half-brother.

After Vermillion High School, she went to the University of South Dakota, which is also in Vermillion. She worked her way through college, once as an usher at a theater for 50 cents a night. The degree she took was an appropriate one, a B.A. in American Frontier History. One sister became a Mother Superior in a convent, another a Ph.D. Her father finally did well in cattle and corn.

On first meeting Joe, the ambitious Lebanese would-be lawyer, she said: "I was working in the college library and he came in to check out a book. I didn't let him have it. His name was the top one on the overdue books fine list." He walked her home.

They were married on Dec. 28, 1942, a snowy day. Joe wore his uniform as a yeoman in the U.S. Navy. He was a recruiter, later going off for a Harvard short-course to become an officer in naval intelligence in the South Pacific. The Navy tried to lure the struggling young lawyer back during the Korean War, but there were too many

babies by then. He ran unsuccessfully for governor of South Dakota, served in the legislature and toyed with the nuts and bolts of politics. The babies kept coming and they moved to Minnesota where, again, politics. Then, now a decade ago, came the most wrenching of all the moves: to Miami and professional football and the peculiar kind of personal politics, complete with one's own press corps, that entails.

The couple has worked together through it all, the hard-driving Lebanese Catholic and the prairie girl with the degree in frontier history. They seldom pretend to be fancy people despite their prominence.

"I cook," she says in her cavernous living room full of Joe's football stuff. "No, take that back. I don't cook much. We're great believers around here in Burger King and McDonalds."

She still has two of her 11 children at home: Brian, 17, and Danny, 16. They romp through the room with an older brother, Timmy, home on a break from Tulane, with Butch the mongrel hard at their heels.

Glancing through family photo albums, the Robbies' South Dakota college years become more alive. Babies

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Liz and Joe Robbie during the war years — now they own his and her pro sports teams.

and babies. "Here," she said, pointing at the portraits of two grown children. "You know about them."

Dr. David Lyle Robbie, their oldest son, jumped to his death at 31 from the Golden Gate Bridge in 1975. Kathleen Marie Robbie, 22, drowned in the surf off Acapulco in 1971.

She closed the album, patted Butch and leaned back almost into a porcelain football player. "It took me three years to adjust to the move to South Florida from Minnesota," she said. "Of course I appreciated it at first not having to put snowsuits and boots on the little boys. But it takes a while to get acquainted and feel at home. It did take an adjustment. But I love it now. The truth is, we've never burned our bridges entirely with Minneapolis or anywhere we've been. Burning bridges isn't a smart thing to do."

There were dilemmas and fiascos before the Miami Dolphins seized the moment and ran with it. The Robbies will tell you it took the Dolphins six years to turn a profit. Now with her rather than him at the helm, a different kind of football is on trial in a different South Florida city.

If anyone asks you to wager on whether Liz Robbie's Fort Lauderdale Strikers can survive, take the affirmative. Soccer is out front today on the American frontier of sport. □

Lawrence Mahoney, of Coconut Grove, frequently writes on the sporting scene in Florida.

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Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a rendition of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be analyzed and compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to de-

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CAPITALIZING ON THE UNCONVENTIONAL (Continued from page 51)

dle to him," Miss Sowell says, describing her boss. When he took over, deposits were \$5 million. By 1940 they had risen to \$14 million.

South County Road wasn't the multi-laned thoroughfare it is today. It was paved with shells and covered with tar, but those were the good old days you keep hearing about. You could hear the rattle of dice at Bradley's Beach Club and the tinkle of teacups at the Coconut Grove in the Royal Poinciana Hotel, and afromobiles were popular means of transportation.

"Back then everyone came to Palm Beach," Miss Sowell recalls. "I can remember waiting on Billie Burke, Flo Ziegfeld, Leslie Howard, Phil Harris, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and Clark Gable. They were regular visitors."

While the Wall Street financiers of the time referred to Wiley Reynolds as "the playboy of the banking world," the slurs didn't subdue the ebullient president. He never hesitated to admit he was in business more for fun than for money. Reynolds may not have had much banking experience, but he did have a keen sense of salesmanship and some valuable friendships in the financial community.

He was a colorful figure with an innate sense of showmanship. No one could accuse him of being stodgy, an adjective frequently used to describe the bankers of that era. He had a round, ruddy face and a cheerful smile that made him look like Santa Claus.

No Brooks Brothers suits for Wiley Reynolds. He was partial to kaleidoscopic neckties, pastel-colored or wildly checked jackets and attention-getting trousers. He drove a lemon-yellow Buick convertible with blue leather upholstery. Not your conventional banking figure.

When he took control he decided the bank lacked sex appeal and set about "sexing things up." He began by ripping up the 150-year-old Cuban tile floor. The ceiling with its stenciled flags was repainted and he had the iron chandeliers removed. The thick red hangings at the windows were replaced with venetian blinds, and tasseled yellow awnings were hung outside on the glittering white stucco front. "All the colors in the rainbow," was one of his favorite expressions.

He took down the stained glass windows around the tellers' cages and installed a long, bleached-pine, horse-shoe-shaped counter where the tellers stood in the open.

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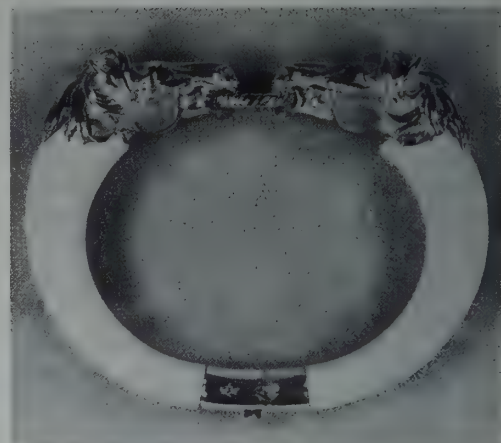
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Annette Hood Reynolds (now Mrs. Byron L. Ramsing) demonstrates one of the bank's early innovations — an AP news ticker.

Even with all these improvements, the most noticeable part of his "sexing-up" program was the 22 young women he hired as tellers. They were outstandingly attractive, according to reports of people who saw them.

Reynolds' reasons were practical as well as aesthetic when he hired the female tellers and put them in smocks especially designed by Hattie Carnegie. "They're 22 per cent more efficient than the men," he'd tell people. He may have been less vocal about the fact that their salary scale was considerably less than their male counterparts. Perhaps history will forgive this chauvinistic attitude since Reynolds was instrumental in opening a new field for working women.

An article published in *Business Week* in April 1947 reads as follows: "End of the winter season finds Wiley R. Reynolds, president of Palm Beach's unorthodox First National Bank, storing liquor left over by vacationists and adding up profits of a good season. Banking and liquor may sound like queer combinations; not to Reynolds. His banking is so unconventional that a favorite Palm Beach wisecrack runs: 'Reynolds would sell kumquats through the tellers' windows if business got bad.'"

The cherubic Mr. Reynolds would laugh as heartily as the next fellow at the jest. By that time he owned a string of eight banks with deposits of \$236,500,000. It's easy to laugh in a situation like that.

The same article continues: "Safe-deposit vaults in most banks are cold and uninviting. Reynolds calls his the

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Library Conference Vaults and gives 'em a homey touch. Walls are paneled, floors carpeted and mirrors reflect flowers. In the vault conference rooms, heirs to estates can consult lawyers or row over Uncle Adam's will in privacy.

"The most unbanklike feature is the warehouse, entered from the bank lobby ... Leading item comprises the liquid assets — wines and liquors too fine to be left in boarded mansions ... Dealers who store liquor can borrow on it from the bank at six per cent."

According to Hazel Sowell the warehouse operation started casually and just grew. "Customers who were

*'cases of champagne
have been languishing
there for decades ...'*

leaving for the season would ask the boss (Reynolds) if they could leave a trunk or a case of liquor with us while they went North. He'd say 'Sure, I'll just have it put up on the mezzanine.' Pretty soon the mezzanine couldn't hold it all and we had to start the warehouse operation."

It's still going strong. There's still liquor stored in its cool recesses, and several cases of champagne have been languishing there for decades. There are enough carefully wrapped paintings on special shelves to make major museums envious.

"We even stored a teddy bear," says Bill Brown, executive vice-president in charge of marketing. "Of course it was a mink teddy bear," he adds.

Reynolds died of a stroke aboard his yacht *Captiva* Dec. 7, 1948. He was survived by his wife; a daughter, Mrs. Byron Ramsing; and a son, Wiley Reynolds Jr., who assumed the presidency. At that time deposits were \$36 million. The younger Mr. Reynolds remained president until 1965 when John Boardman assumed the responsibility.

Wiley Jr. followed his father's uninhibited approach. One time he used a helicopter to demonstrate the bank's drive-in convenience. The 'copter dropped to the beach a block away, snatched up a young lady bather, whisked her to the bank's drive-in window and then set her back down on the beach in a matter of minutes.

The year Mr. Boardman was appointed to the president's chair (1965)

was the year the bank broke new ground in several areas. The Reynolds-Ramsing family who had been majority stockholders for 30 years sold their controlling interest, and new programs and facilities were initiated. Control was purchased by the Lykes Financial Corp. of New Orleans and Harry Hood Bassett of Miami. Mr. Bassett was Mrs. Francis A. Shaughnessy's son. His father was president of Buick Motors.

When Bill deVeer took over shortly afterward he was no stranger to the stockholders. He had had close association with the Reynolds and Bassett interests for several decades.

Under his leadership the bank continues to pamper its customers, and the only reason its practices don't seem as eccentric as they once did is that banks around the world have sloughed off their stodgy images.

First National has never been a stand-still bank. The original 75-foot frontage on South County Road has been gradually increased until the bank now occupies half the block. The 300 vault boxes now number 4,000 and they'll be adding more any day now.

You can still have the bank pay your bills if you're out of town. They'll even do it if you're in town. And that's only a routine extra.

Shortly after Bill deVeer became president a customer requested a 75-pound block of pure silver bullion to use as a doorstop. This was in 1966 when the more prosaic consumer was hoarding half dollars for their silver content. Silver bullion was selling at \$1.29 at the time. Seventy-five pounds was purchased from the Federal Reserve System and sold to the customer, who thought it would make an interesting conversation piece.

And then there was the time the youngsters at Palm Beach Public School wanted to enter the marts of commerce, on a small scale of course. They needed raw material for their product — popcorn — and would require a \$25 loan.

After all reports were in, a non-secured loan in the amount of \$25 was granted with a 150-day maturity date. The loan carried no prepayment penalty and interest would accrue at one per cent.

"Not your average loan, to be sure," Mr. deVeer says. "But these young people were learning how the business world works and we were pleased to be helpful."

Years from now when those tousled youngsters need to borrow \$1 million or so, guess where their first stop will be. □

Prior to the ballet, youngsters enjoy the dancing fountain at Rosarian Academy (Ballet Arts)



Far left:
Carol Sandburg,
Kim Arnold.
Left:
Sabina Gilbert
(Academy)



Susan Ford
(Ballet Arts)



Dancers Peter Lewis, Kurt Putzig, Cathy Suker and Laura Mudrick (Ballet Arts)



Mike Chason, Claudine Laabs (McKenzie)



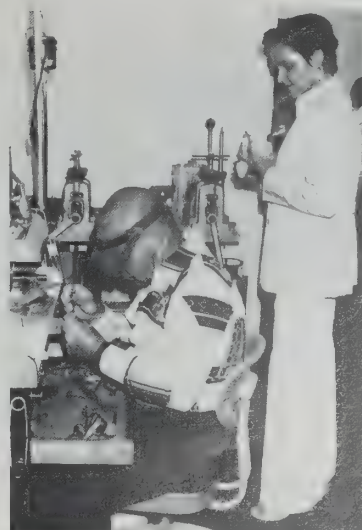
Arvo and Denis Katajisto (McKenzie)



Dr. Doug Phillips with cake (McKenzie)



Denise and Danny Hanley (McKenzie)



Lillian Casey observes an artisan at work (Jewelmasters)

Out & About

Everything from clowns to a pas de deux was on the program when members of the Ballet Arts presented "An Evening of Dance" at Rosarian Academy. The performance attracted as many children as adults to watch the dancers and socialize in the courtyard.

Over on Worth Avenue there was a party of a different sort when Jewelmasters swung open their heavy steel doors for a preview of their new collection of jewels. Precious gems sparkled right beside the ice cubes.

Up at Palm Beach Academy the students stayed home and their parents went to school to meet the new headmaster, Blakely Brooks Babcock, who had just joined the faculty.

Earlier in the fall 100 people proved they could keep a secret when Elinor McKenzie gave a surprise party for Dr. Doug Phillips at Petite Marmite.

Photos by Stephen Leek



Elsie Cantwell,
Peggy Pattello
(Jewelmasters)

NOT A FASHION DICTATOR

(Continued from page 46)

writer for an Italian magazine sees the designs and he becomes much excited. I am discovered, they say to me.

"Right away people say 'Do this for me, do that for me.' Now to design I go away on my boat with just my dogs. That way there are no interruptions."

The interruptions were inevitable. She was invited to design for Stanley Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue. There were more interruptions as she began opening stores of her own and naming them after her daughter, Roberta di Camerino. Now there are stores in New York, Atlanta, Palm Beach. A new store opened in Houston in November and there'll be one in New Orleans in the spring.

What's more, there were problems at home in Italy where government unrest muddied business waters and unsettled less imaginative entrepreneurs.

"I see problems ahead," she says, throwing her arms upward. "So I say we give the factory to the workers. That was five years ago. Maybe more. This makes the workers happy and very proud."

Initially the unions were against having the workers own the factory, but the move was so successful there are now three cooperatives making dresses, handbags and blouses.

"Some workers are Socialists. Some Communists. But communism in Italy is not like communism elsewhere," she'll tell you.

Her yacht, *Tana*, is a welcome haven for this ebullient lady. The coffee table in the main salon rises to work

*'a handbag is more
than an accessory...'*

table height for sketching and cutting. The rulers and t-squares she keeps nearby reflect her preference for geometric prints. "I do all the designing myself," she says. "Everything. I love my work, but it's very demanding. The more success we have, the less time I have to do what best I like — the creating.

"You cannot begin to do anything without organizing and without good people. I was blessed to find Mildred

Blanc for the Palm Beach store. She is a gift from God.

"My daughter, Roberta, she manages the Italian enterprises. My son is an architect and he does big buildings.

"There is no escaping the responsibility even out on the water. I have always this awareness of my responsibility to the people who work for me."

Mrs. di Camerino scoops one of her precious dogs onto her lap, and three more hop up to share the affection. Her mood shifts swiftly from pensive to positive.

"Here," she says, reaching for a sheet of brown paper. "This is how the bags are designed." She cuts, folds and pins the paper into her favorite handbag style for winter.

"A handbag is more than an accessory. It's an ornament. It must complement the costume in mood and size. There," she says, happy with the finished product. "This is my happiness. I design to enjoy life."

Her exuberance is contagious. It's perhaps the magic ingredient that keeps the di Camerino name popping up in more and more places around the world. □

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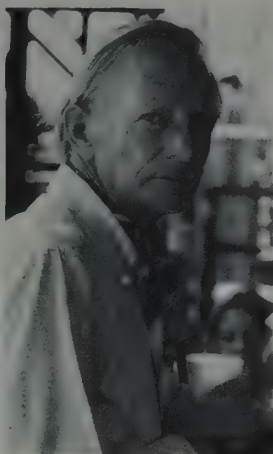
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Below left: country singer
Lynn Anderson. Below right:
King Ranch president James Clement.



Left: the quarter
horse auction



Martin Clement



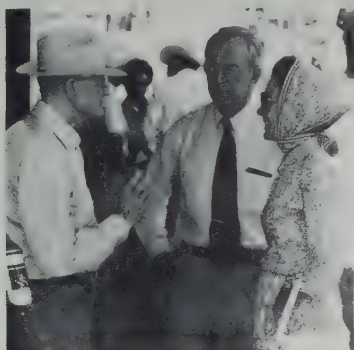
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John Connally and son Mark



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and Vanessa



R.J. "Red" Nunely,
Tobin and Anne Armstrong



Out & About

Deep in the heart of Texas 2,500 people crowded into an aluminum-topped pavilion in 98 degree heat for the most exciting season of the year — The Cattle Sales. The oldest and most well-attended sale takes place at the King Ranch in Kingsville.

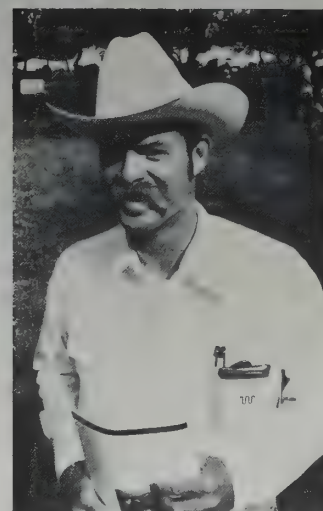
Sales begin on Friday, and by the time the auctioneer's gavel has fallen for the last time \$75,000 worth of prize bulls and some excellent quarter horses have been sold. Buyers and spectators arriving in Cadillacs and Lincolns include such diverse personalities as Winthrop Rockefeller, Tobin and Anne Armstrong and the former governor of Texas, John Connally.

Six hundred people changed into evening clothes for dinner at the main ranch house. The entree, not surprisingly, was beef, served in an authentic Moroccan tent presented to Alice Kleberg Clement on her 18th birthday by the king of Morocco. James Clement is president of the 960,000-acre King Ranch where, despite the Moroccan tent, the flavor is aggressively American.

Photos by John Haynsworth



Above: Kathy West, Blake and
Linda Yarborough, Annette Cofer.
Left: Dennis McBride.



Stephen Kleberg,
King Ranch vice-president



Olive Anne Kleberg



Buster Welch,
champion trainer



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Sugar Plums and Angel Hair

*A History of
Christmas Tree Ornaments*



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

BY LAURIE LEWIS

"Visions of sugar plums" did dance in the heads of little children at Christmas time in centuries past. For on Christmas Eve a peek into the parlor revealed a tree alight with candles. Flickering shadows danced across cookie moons, stars, hearts, trees, tulips and goldfinches. Clustered around them were sweet confections, gold-leaf covered fruits, nuts and other delectables. And the best was still in store. The dismantling of the tree signaled the

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sampling of each of these delicacies.

The vague origins of Christmas trees and decorations have undoubtedly enhanced Christmas folklore. While there is no exact account of the first Christmas tree, the first historical reference appears in the 16th century. American trees were first decorated by homesick Hessian soldiers hired by George III during the American Revolution.

In 17th century Strasbourg, Christmas trees adorned table tops and were dappled with apples, red paper and gilded nuts. A century later, because of the myriad sweets dangling from the boughs, Christmas trees were sometimes called sugartrees. At that time the term sugar plums referred most often to a multitude of sweets made primarily from sugar, although real sugar plums — greengage plums boiled in thick sugar and syrup — were also sometimes used as decorations. Caramelized popcorn and popcorn strings were placed on trees as well,

One of the memorable events popularizing Christmas ornaments was the tree of Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert. Immortalized in an 1848 copy of the *Illustrated London News*, his

candlelit tree displayed an intriguing array of candies, sweets and glace fruits in trays, baskets, bonbonnières and gingerbread containers.

By the early 19th century, pinecones, dried seed pods and strings of cranberries had been added. Some people even placed presents on the tree



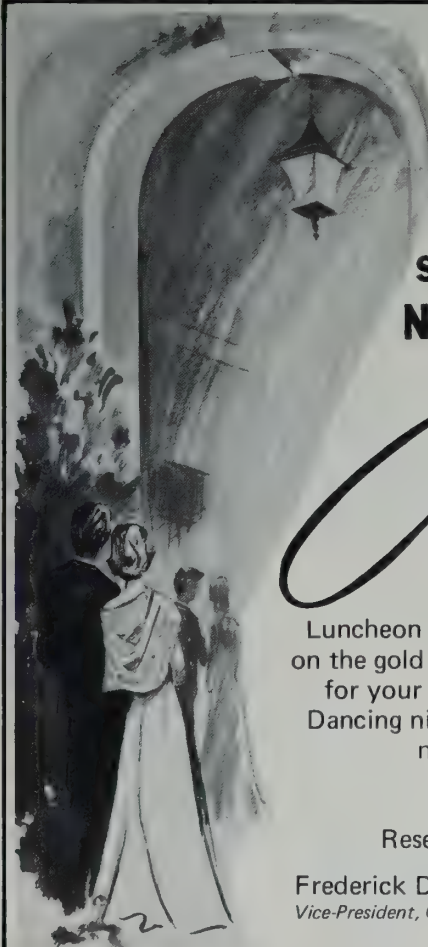
Wax angel — Germany, 19th c.

branches. Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and their families utilized doughnuts and strings of dried apple slices. Large papier-mache fish stuffed with sweets became a frequent sight on Yuletide trees in the late 1800s.

America's earliest Christmas trees, which belonged to the Pennsylvania Germans, were always regaled with

special homemade cookie decorations. "Matzebaum" — thin, two-by-four-inch wafers sometimes painted with vegetable dyes — were most common. Marzipan dangled from branches on strings, and white "springerle," made of egg dough with anise seeds, were excellent for cameo images. German-Swiss Americans had a similar but thinner molded cookie called "tirggel," on which pictorial reliefs were dramatically emphasized because they darkened when baked.

In the 1860s, heavy glass ball ornaments and icicles were first imported from Germany. William DeMuth, an American, produced the first American-made silvered glass balls and chains of beads in 1871. By the 1870s, commercial ornaments slowly began to replace the homemade, edible decorations. The earliest ornaments made in Nuremberg, Germany, were of tin. While now dulled by time, they originally glowed like silver reflectors, mirroring every flash of candlelight. German toy makers were also known for their graceful wax angel decorations. With clasped hands, wire halos and clothes of tinsel or ribbon, these creations captured the hearts and imaginations of young children.



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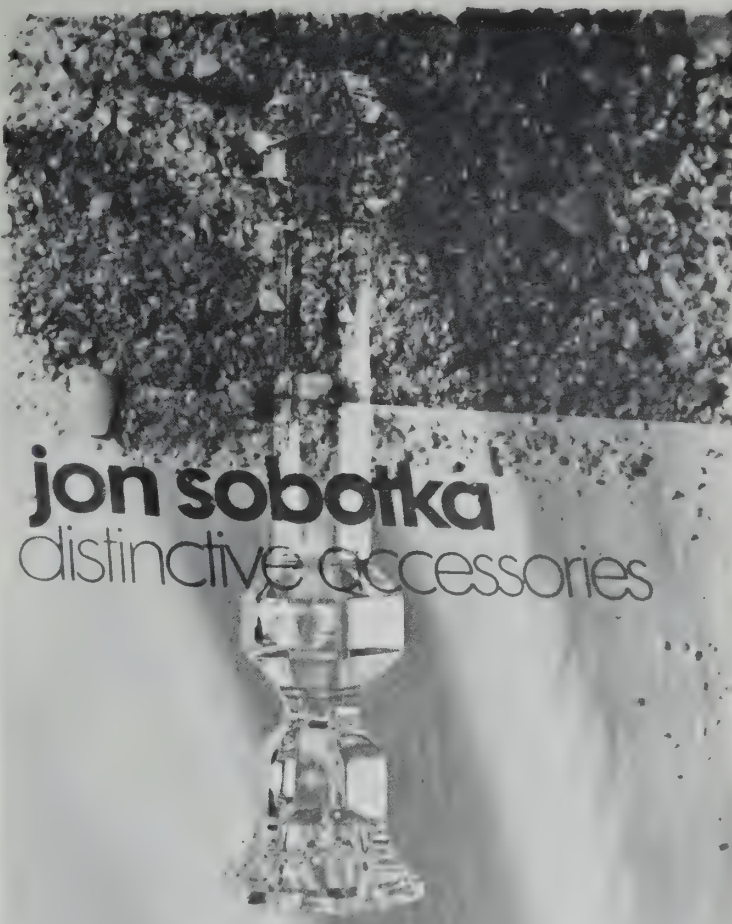
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Although few of the many thousands remain, the little silver- and gold-embossed cardboard Dresden ornaments were among the most appealing. Dogs, cats, suns, moons, barnyard animals, frogs, turtles, miniature bicycles, sleds, sleighs, peacocks, storks, trolley cars, sailboats, ships and musical instruments provided hours of visual intrigue. Most were three inches high and exhibited extraordinary detail.

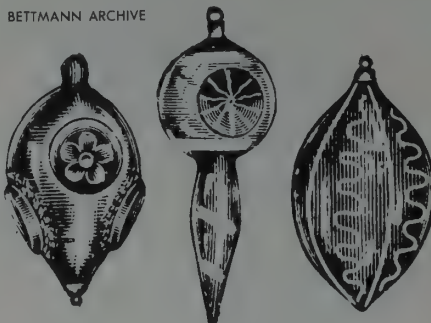
Lauscha, Germany, high atop the Thuringian mountains, was the birthplace of (and, until World War I, the major supplier of) glass Christmas tree balls. Each ornament was painstakingly handmade by the resident glassblowers and their families. In this effort, the wife or child silvered the inside of the newly blown glass ball. After drying overnight, the bulb was lacquered in bright colors. (F. W. Woolworth, who made a substantial sum importing these decorations, was appalled by the smell of lacquer pervading Lauscha during one of his early visits to this picturesque mountain town.)

The later introduction of molds to Lauscha glassblowers resulted in innumerable variations on the theme: clusters of grapes, pinecones, birds, nuts,

musical instruments and Santas, as well as the thinner, elongated German Santa.

From Nuremberg came the first tinsel, in 1878, although rope garlands of tinsel or lame, originally developed in France, had been produced by the Germans since 1610. In the 1880s angel's hair also came into use in the

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Blown glass ornaments — Germany, 19th c.

U. S. after quantities were imported from Germany.

Christmas decorations often provided a historical chronicle of fads and salient ideas. "Scraps," a name derived from the scrapbook craze that swept America around the 1890s, were romantic pictures depicting Christmas images. The 1890s penchant for ballooning was

reflected in the plethora of balloon-shaped ornaments of the period. Similarly, the zeppelin inspired zeppelin-shaped decorations, and Theodore Roosevelt's "teddy bear" association resulted in the appearance of multiple teddy-bear ornaments.

Christmas, 1882, hailed a new dimension in decorations. In that year, Christmas trees illuminated by electric light bulbs, rather than candles, were introduced in the United States. In 1909 miniature light bulbs in the shape of fruits, flowers, birds, animals, clowns, snowmen and, of course, Santas came out of Vienna, where they were carefully handmade and handpainted. By the 1930s, Germany, Japan and the United States joined in the production of these light bulbs.

Today tree decorations follow tradition while keeping pace with the space age. The sugar plums from centuries past may be reproduced in plastic but there's nothing artificial about the delights of the Christmas season. □

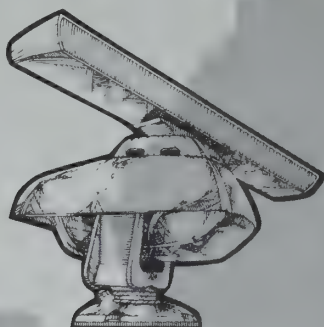
Californian Laurie Lewis is a free-lance writer who has contributed to Architectural Digest and other national publications.

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FRANCE'S CHATEAUX CIRCUIT

(Continued from page 49)

ceramics and rooms preserved in all their Renaissance splendor.

LE CAGNARD

But our target was something else: Le Cagnard, an inn nestled within a 13th century chateau. Le Cagnard is operated by a charming couple, Louis and Michou Baral — he the chef, she clearly the mistress of all else. Through what must have been an engineering miracle, an elevator had been erected within the building so that guests who wished to do so could avoid the winding staircases. The few rooms were so lovingly appointed with the woods and cottons of Provence that you were tempted to stay on and on. It was no accident, then, that Simone de Beauvoir and Antoine de Saint-Exupery on different occasions had each written modern masterpieces here in the Blue Room.

Meals were served on a covered terrace facing Cap d'Antibes on one side, Grasse on the other, overlooking the tranquil terrain that over the years had attracted Souting, Modigliani and so many other painters to the area. Be-

fore we enjoyed a typical meal, we were served the Barals' special "Surprise" — pink champagne with half a kumquat and a curl of lemon peel.

The meal proper started with hot and cold hors d'oeuvres: escargots,



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
LE PRIEUR'S WINE LIST BY RONALD SEARLE

stuffed prunes, ham, raisin salad, ratatouille, cucumber salad and artichoke. Our entrees were a portion of fresh Mediterranean fish caught that morning and now garnished with a lobster sauce, and a carre d'agneau. Enormous

white asparagus, perfectly peeled and served warm with a creamy, lemon-scented hollandaise sauce, were at the side. The cheeses were offered in an outsize wicker basket; the Barals' particular favorite was chevre de sospel. Our desserts: a melange of strawberries and raspberries with creme fraiche, and a genoise a l'orange cake. With the meal we enjoyed a blanc de blanc cote de Provence — a vin maison that has become a current favorite of the area.

It is certainly a measure of enjoyment when you are reluctant to leave one particular spot even in the face of high expectation for what is to come next. So it was with Le Cagnard as we said good-bye to the Barals. Our departure was made even more poignant as Mme. Baral offered us a bouquet of farewell roses.

CHATEAU DU DOMAINE SAINT-MARTIN

Again we mounted higher, up the Riviera hills this time to the Chateau du Domaine Saint-Martin, perched above Vence. Le Cagnard was old and elegant. Saint-Martin was new, and elegant in a more modern style. The rooms were large but not overly so, and

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exquisitely furnished. We were in one of the several available villas, consisting of a living room, ample bedroom, even larger bathroom, service area for luggage, and two vast terraces.

It was all under the guidance of Mlle. Andree Brunet, perhaps the only hotel manager of her sex in France — clearly a harbinger of things to come. Coolly efficient and elegant, wearing the latest Courreges creations, she had come to her present post after years of training in such hostleries as Paris' Plaza-Athenee.

As at Le Cagnard, meals were served on an enclosed terrace, this one with a wide vista that, Mlle. Brunet told us, reached all the way to Corsica on a clear day. The dining room was quite formal, in keeping with everything else at Domaine Saint-Martin. Gold service plates rested on a table graced with a single perfect rose. The aperitif again was pink champagne, this time with pressed raspberries.

A typical meal here started with fresh foie gras — obviously prepared in the restaurant's own kitchen, not the canned variety that Americans know. We noticed that the captain dipped his knife in hot water so the cutting would

be clean and we would not miss a single precious grain. We shared salads: one the salade Saint-Martin, a perfection of sliced beets, avocado cut on the bias, oversized mushrooms and escarole lettuce, with a vinaigrette dressing; the other a salade de gourmet, of shredded spinach topped with sliced duck liver, and a sauterne dressing. The main courses were caneton Marco Polo and poulet au citron. The duck was served in two portions: first, with a dark sauce that included green peppercorns; then the legs, crisply broiled, served with a salad of wild grass. Chevre cheese was our choice from among a long list. Dessert was the house specialty of prune ice cream served with Armagnac.

The kitchen was the domain of Dominique Ferriere, who at 30 is one of the rising luminaries on the French culinary scene. It is hardly a wonder that he gives cooking classes each year — during October and November, and again during February and March — in cooperation with Air France. Nor is it any wonder that among the guests at the Chateau du Domaine Saint-Martin have been Leopold Stokowski, Jacques Tati, Harry Truman, Man Ray, Raquel Welch (she was here for three months

while making a film in Nice), Gene Kelly, Valery Giscard d'Estaing and Isaac Stern.

Among the neighborhood attractions we visited while at Vence was the Maeght Foundation, a long-time favorite of ours featuring works of Braque, Miro, Chagall, Giocametti, Kandinsky, Leger and Arp. Once again we were struck by the brilliant way in which the sculptures had been placed so that one gazed at them silhouetted against the sky.

We also visited nearby Mougins, but skipped the Moulin de Mougins, owned by Roger Verger, one of the stars of the current new vogue in French cooking. Instead we looked in on an old acquaintance, Andre Surmain, whom we had known during the years he owned Lutece on New York's East 50th Street. We are by no means alone in rating Lutece the finest French restaurant in the United States, and so were delighted to learn, just before leaving the States, that Surmain had returned to France after a sojourn of several years in Majorca and had opened a restaurant in Mougins.

While his Relais a Mougins, as

(Continued on page 93)



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Marjorie Merriweather Post: A Biography



BY ALLENE HATCH

Where do you seat a king aboard a yacht?

The unseated king was King Gustavus V of Sweden, the yacht was the *Sea Cloud* and the hostess with the problem was the *Sea Cloud*'s owner, Marjorie Merriweather Post Davies. The year was 1937. Marjorie's husband was Joseph E. Davies, the United States ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Protocol is a serious matter in diplomatic circles. Wars can be started with an inept action such as placing a dignitary below the salt at the table.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt had sent Joe Davies on a very delicate mission: sounding out the Scandinavian countries' plans for coping with Hitler.

The official protocol manual had been left at the American Embassy in Moscow, along with the ambassador who had stayed behind to sign the trade agreement with Russia

that President Roosevelt had initiated. Joe Davies had sent along his charge d'affaires, Loy Henderson, to represent him.

The seating arrangement stumped even Henderson whose forte was protocol. Finally a ship-to-shore phone call to Stockholm defined the proper order.

Any king — from the King of England on down the pecking order — is always seated with his back to the bow of a ship. Also, the king's place at the table must be at least two spaces wide to keep the people on either side from rubbing elbows with him.

Marjorie Davies' problem was solved. She placed King Gustavus on her right. They would sit with their backs to the *Sea Cloud*'s bow. Loy Henderson would be seated opposite with the Queen of Sweden on his right. The guests, including the American baritone Lawrence Tibbett, would be scattered

in between according to Mrs. Davies' own sense of priorities.

After the Tibbetts' joined the ship at Helsinki, the Sea Cloud sailed around the southern tip of Sweden in leisurely fashion. Sixty tons of rigging carried the spread of the Sea Cloud's 34,000 square feet of white sail. A four-masted power bark, 316 feet overall, she was one of the biggest auxiliary yachts afloat. Eight staterooms bedded guests such as Baron and Baroness von Esson and Mrs. Hunter Marston. There was a crew of 60 to care for them. Marjorie's 13-year-old daughter, Nedenia Hutton (now actress Dina Merrill), had joined the cruise a few days before.

It was a lovely sunny day off the southern coast of Sweden when the Sea Cloud anchored there. The king, arriving from his summer palace nearby, was piped aboard with great panoply.

Crystal sparkled, rare china gleamed. The food was excellent, as was the wine. It was truly a luncheon fit for a king, or seemed to be until Mrs. Davies asked, "Your Majesty, I do hope you found the fish to your taste."

The king assured her that he had, whereupon his hostess informed him that the fish he had just eaten was two years old. Mrs. Davies then reassured his startled majesty that his lunch was perfectly safe. The fish had been frozen by a new process now popular in the United States. When she added that she had freezers full of food on board, a tour of inspection was planned for after lunch. King Gustavus was fascinated with the concept and thought it would be wonderful for Sweden.

Lawrence Tibbett rose to the royal occasion when, in the middle of the meal, he burst into the aria, "Hail to the King." Startled but pleased, His Majesty accepted the impromptu toast. As Marjorie later jotted down in her diary, Larry continued to sing, "wonderfully, song after song, to the great delight of the king and all of us. In fact, H.M. was all but late for his (tennis) match . . . imagine a tournament at 79."

By now Deenie was quite relaxed around royalty. She was not surprised to see the king dressed in blue blazer and white slacks, wearing steel-rim glasses and holding a cane. She had learned the realities of royalty as a tiny child. The family was in Oslo on the Hussar at the time. A British cruiser anchored alongside invited them over to a reception for King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. Deenie, her head full of fairy tales, was crushed to see "a very tall gentleman in a business suit and a very short, very sweet-looking lady in a short dress."

Her face fell and to Marjorie's horror Deenie blurted, "But where is your crown and your ermine robe?" The king, understanding children completely, leaned down and said soothingly, "Well, you know, it was such a hot day I left them at home." Deenie was mollified but still disappointed, for, as she still says, "After all, it was my first king."

A tennis-playing bon vivant, six-foot-tall King Gustavus had an excellent sense of humor. He would have undoubtedly also enjoyed the less-than-perfect luncheon Mrs. Davies had given a few weeks before at the embassy in Moscow. The

dessert ordered for that meal was ice cream balls covered with chocolate sauce. Searching among the 20 refrigerators filled with frozen food that Mrs. Davies had brought to Moscow, the Russian cook finally located what he thought were the frozen orbs of ice cream.

Covered with dark chocolate sauce they were served at the end of the meal. But after the first startled guest watched his ice cream bounce off his plate in a shower of chocolate, it was evident that the cook had found tennis balls, not ice cream. Mrs. Davies enjoyed the mistake as much as her guests. It appealed to her puckish sense of humor and would only add to her reputation as a great hostess.

Entertaining well was nothing new to Mrs. Davies. She had been doing it superbly for years. But her life in Russia from 1936 to 1938 was certainly a departure from her normal existence, if capital of about \$100 million can ever permit the owner to lead a normal existence. Marjorie Davies' unlimited funds made her a unique ambassadress to communist Russia indeed; a capitalist of such proportions the Soviets had never seen.

The Russians were captivated, not by her beauty or her fortune, but by her warmth and intelligence and genuine interest in everything Russian. However, they were not so smitten that they failed to send a gunboat out to shadow the Sea Cloud whenever she left her berth at Leningrad. After all, there was a big naval base nearby.

Nor were the Russians so enamored that they removed the secret listening devices from the telephones at Spazzo House, the American Embassy in Moscow. Marjorie, with typical American ingenuity, had placed knitted tea-cozies over all the phones. When the muffled bugs failed to operate, some Russian repairmen came to Spazzo House to "fix" the faulty equipment. The ambassadress informed them sweetly, "All the telephones are in perfect working order. Thank you very much."

The ambassador had an even more exasperating way of foiling the Russian spying. He spoke Welsh. His mother had been a Welsh minister and that esoteric tongue was his second language. One of his newspaper cronies shared the same talent. They would discuss poker games or the latest Washington gossip with great glee, knowing the Russians were convinced state secrets were being exchanged. The Russians would cut the connection. Then, unable to control their own curiosity and still hoping another code expert could decipher the jargon, they would connect the line again.

In spite of such minor joustings, the Davies' were both very popular with the Russians. A good diplomat never criticizes his host country, and the Davies' were both good diplomats even though they had come to that exacting profession quite late in life.

But how did a Midwestern American woman prepare herself for a life of vast riches and international society? How did she start collecting fabulous jewels, and even more glittering people? Where did she acquire her tastes for furniture and pieces of art?

It all began in Springfield, Ill.

Marjorie Merriweather Post was born on March 14, 1887, in a typical American house. Springfield, Ill., though the state capital, was a small town. Set in a big yard guarded by an iron picket fence and shaded by oak trees, the Posts' white clapboard house was encircled by a deep, shady veran-

da supported by spindly Corinthian columns.

She lived there nine months. Then her father had his first physical breakdown and the Posts began to travel.

Charles William Post, known in the family as Charlie and later throughout the world as "C.W.," was one of the

great 19th century originals. His six-foot body was driven by dynamic energy and his large, handsome head contained a brilliant and inventive mind. He was also one of the most persuasive salesmen in a time and country notable for that ability; and he had luck, without which nothing works.

As a youngster, Charlie was excellent at the "mechanic arts," as the business of building and fixing machinery was then called. But liberal arts simply did not interest him. He begged his mother to let him quit school and get on with the real business of life. She agreed without much argument.

Shortly thereafter Charlie set forth with a friend and toured Kansas and the Oklahoma Territory doing odd jobs, including riding the range as cowboys. They then opened a hardware store in Independence, Kan., with \$1,000 borrowed from Charlie Post's mother. Charlie could always make money in business. In just two years he paid his mother back. But he was basically a loner who liked to run the show. So he sold out to his partner and returned to Springfield in 1874.

In November of that year, Charlie married Ella Letitia Merriweather, whom he had known most of his life. Charlie was just 20, his bride 21. Ella was small, handsome rather than beautiful, with good features and brown hair swept back from her high forehead.

Descended from a fine Maryland family, her parents, John Hood and Elizabeth Hummel Merriweather, had moved to Springfield where Mr. Merriweather became a successful merchant. When she married young Post, Ella was an orphan; her father died when she was only 10 years old and her mother when she was still in her teens. She had inherited a small amount of money.

After working for his father for two years, Charlie parked his bride in the Post homestead and set off again to make his fortune, this time as a traveling salesman for the Climax Corn Planter Co.

He also began inventing things. His patented inventions during these years included a seed planter, two cultivators, a harrow, a haystacker and a furrow turning plow that is still used. He also designed suspenders, a safety bicycle and an improved player-piano for his wife's use. They cut the rolls for it themselves.

Late in 1880 Charlie Post managed to get financial backing for a company to manufacture the seed planters previously made by hand. Post Capitol City Cultivators came into being. A portion of the capital was put up by his own family, and Ella pledged her inheritance as collateral for a loan.

The company did well at first. But business pressures soon took their toll on C.W. His gastrointestinal system

broke down, and he suffered a nervous collapse.

This was but the first of a series of internal disorders that Post suffered throughout the years. The doctors of that time diagnosed it as chronic appendicitis, which is still quoted in the books and articles about him. But a study of C.W.'s medical history would indicate that his recurring attacks were probably caused by acute colitis or possibly diverticulitis, both of which are exacerbated by exhaustion and nervous tension.

In any event, Charlie was laid low, unable to take an active part in the business he had founded. Without



C.W. Post, a doting father, is shown here with his baby daughter Marjorie, c. 1890.

his generalship it began to lose money. When the bank demanded its due, the company collapsed. This was referred to as its bankruptcy, but C.W. Post vehemently stated it was no such thing; not one creditor lost money. But the Post family lost heavily.

As soon as he was well enough to travel, in the late summer of 1886, C.W. and his young brother, Carroll Post, went West to scout for opportunities. They settled in Fort Worth, Tex., which they decided had a great future. There they became interested in a real estate development proposed by some local businessmen.

C.W. returned home filled with enthusiasm with which he ignited the whole family. Despite the failure of his business, they believed in him to the extraordinary extent of selling all their holdings in Springfield and mortgaging their home. In February the whole family pulled up stakes and headed for Texas.

They all left except Charlie, who

remained in the echoing house because Ella was pregnant. Though he would take a chance on most anything, he would not risk the baby-to-be.

Charlie and Ella Post had been married nearly 10 years before Ella conceived. In 1884, she had given birth to a stillborn son. Now, three years later, their daughter was born.

"I Was Always My Dad's Girl"

From the first, Marjorie was a fine, fat, healthy baby. Her father was totally captivated by her. During all her childhood years she was the idol which he worshipped; and she was equally devoted to him. Even in her 80s she would say, "I was always my Dad's girl."

Fearful of risk to his daughter and her mother, Charlie remained with them in Springfield all that summer while the rest of the Post clan settled on the small, 200-acre ranch they had bought near Fort Worth. In November, Marjorie began her extensive travels: first to Fort Worth, then to Santa Ana, Calif., and by February back to Fort Worth.

Marjorie's father was busier than he had ever been. Besides the suburban development, C.W. was involved in building a woolen mill to manufacture blankets; a mill to make paper out of cotton seed husks; selling stationary steam engines to electric railway companies; and launching a moderately successful mail-order suspender business. His suspenders functioned with an intricate set of cords and tiny pulleys to adjust them to the strains of sitting, standing and bending over. He was a most meticulous dresser and none of the suspenders then on the market would hang his trousers just right.

In his pursuit of fortune, C.W. involved himself in another real estate development even before his original "Sylvania" was fairly launched. He expected the new land, which his company had acquired for \$23 an acre, to sell in small lots ranging in price from \$1,500 to \$2,000 an acre. Instead, the scheme collapsed when some of the investors sold out prematurely.

In the winter of 1890, C.W.'s health began to fail and he lapsed into melancholic invalidism. He was never one to hold a median line; either he was on the crest or in the depths, and this depression was the deepest yet. As he lost interest in them, his affairs suffered and his gloom intensified. His illness became so acute that his family became desperate. If something were

not done, they concluded, he would die.

The fame of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg's Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Mich., for the cure of digestive complaints and most other ills, had penetrated far and wide. A family council decided that Charlie must go there as a last desperate gamble to regain his health. In February of 1891, with Ella and Marjorie, he took a train to Michigan.

Battle Creek was a small city in the fertile farmlands of the Kalamazoo River Valley. Its inhabitants were mostly Seventh Day Adventists, and its preoccupation and principal industry was health. This was due to the towering reputation of Dr. Kellogg and his medical and surgical sanitarium, generally known as the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Kellogg was an excellent physician with a dietary monomania based on the Adventists' religious prohibition against eating meat. He had built his reputation on the real cures made at the sanitarium.

The world beat a path to Dr. Kellogg's door. And all sorts of food cranks, faith healers, charlatans and just plain confidence men moved in to prey on the health seekers. Instead of "Healthtown," Battle Creek might have been known as "Nutville," especially since Kellogg's meat substitutes relied heavily on nuts for protein.

The Posts arrived at the Michigan Central Depot in Battle Creek late in February. C.W. weighed less than 140 pounds and was so weak he could walk only a few steps. He was carried off the train on a stretcher with Ella and little Marjorie walking beside it. They drove through town in a hack and up the hill to the sanitarium.

T *Post Meets Kellogg*

There were striking coincidental similarities between Dr. Kellogg and his new patient, who became first his friend and then his rival. They were both religious men, though C.W.'s theology was less formal than the doctor's. They were both mystics, both inventors — Kellogg invented peanut butter — and both geniuses in their different ways. And they were both married to devoted wives named Ella.

The regimen at the Battle Creek Sanitarium nearly finished C.W. off. The food was highly unsuited to his particular needs. If, indeed, he suffered from either colitis or diverticulitis, the nut dishes made up to look like lamb chops or veal cutlets with heavy brown gravy were the worst possible irritants

to his intestines. The leafy vegetables, salads and fresh fruits were hardly better. Nor was the company of invalids calculated to restore his mental acuity.

The one viable thing C.W. got from the Battle Creek Sanitarium was a crash course in materia medica. Dr. Kellogg was a learned man, and his Monday evening lectures, aside from the hoopla for his particular fads, were filled with information about the latest medical theories. C.W. attended them regularly.

In November 1892, after nearly nine months at the sanitarium, Post's condition appeared so hopeless that even the usually optimistic Kellogg gave up hope. He told Ella to be prepared for the worst. She tried to keep a cheerful face but she was desperate.

She had heard of a faith healer in Battle Creek — a Mrs. Elizabeth K. Gregory — who had performed some extraordinary cures. One day, Ella wheeled her husband several blocks to call on Mrs. Gregory.

Apparently in a single afternoon Mrs. Gregory worked a miracle. She gave hope back to C.W. His unquiet interior suddenly ceased its uproar and began to function harmoniously.

So great was C.W.'s fervor for what he called "this strange power" that he insisted on moving into Mrs. Gregory's spare room as a boarder. That night, C.W. ate his first decent meal in a year.

For the next few weeks he studied Christian Science with Mrs. Gregory and applied its principles to himself. Not that he ever joined the church. He was a Congregationalist by inheritance, and by nature a freewheeling believer in God who did not subscribe to any formal religion.

He was soon gaining a pound a day and was able to walk all over town. The Texas assets were liquidated and in 1892 he bought 10 acres of land and a comfortable farm house with a small, white barn nearby. It was an exciting change for Ella and Marjorie.

In buying the farm, C.W. envisioned a hostelry for invalids to whom the elaborately regimented and expensive life at Dr. Kellogg's sanitarium did not appeal.

In June he added more acreage to his new holding and transformed the farmhouse into the La Vita Inn. The La Vita Co. was mainly financed by Ella's inheritance. Later Ella formed a trust for Marjorie of all her shares, with C.W. as sole trustee for his daughter. This arrangement was to have a decisive result many years later.

La Vita Inn was a success from the beginning. Its informal atmosphere was highly appreciated by its guests, many of whom were refugees from the sanitarium. Exercise, games, music and general entertainment were provided for them. They could eat anything they liked, including meat, but they could not drink alcohol, tea or coffee.

The First Cup Of Postum

Despite the relaxed regimen, the patients sorely missed their tea and coffee. Meals, however good, seemed to lack that finishing touch of cheer. So C.W. turned all his powers of invention toward providing an acceptable substitute.

After two years he finally produced a drinkable brew. He christened it Postum and it was first sold to the public in January 1895.

C.W. denied emphatically that he had imitated Dr. Kellogg's formulas. His cereal-coffee was inspired, he insisted, by watching ranchers' wives roast wheat and chicory, which tasted pretty good.

Sales were made in small lots — always on consignment. Marjorie helped deliver small orders. Demand increased and by April sales totaled \$856.

By October 1896, the Postum Co. had a net worth of \$37,010. C.W. incorporated it under the name of Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., a subsidiary of the La Vita Inn Co.

By 1897, business was good and growing better. But the trouble was that it was cyclical — people drank much more Postum in winter than in summer. C.W. began to think of another product which would fill the gap.

For several years he had been making a breakfast cereal for his own use, which seemed to sit well on his uneasy stomach. It was a combination of whole wheat, malted barley flour and yeast, baked in the form of bread stocks, then rebaked slowly for 24 hours. What emerged would then be ground up in a coffee grinder into chewy little pellets about the size of No. 7 birdshot, to be eaten with milk or cream.

C.W. developed a way of making the stuff in commercial quantities during the summer of 1897, but he needed a catchy name. The small, dark-brown pellets were sweet because the long baking process formed dextrose from the starch, which C.W. called "grape sugar"; and, since they had a nutty taste, he named the product "Grape-

Nuts." It was put on the market in January 1898. It caught on even faster than Postum.

Grape-Nuts and Postum were a well-matched pair. A cold cereal sold wonderfully well in summer; hot Postum in winter. The bran extracted from Grape-Nuts went into Postum. They both were frightfully healthy, and C.W. made the most of that. He used to say, "I care not who manages production or sales as long as I write the advertising." By 1900, only five years from the first brewing in the little white barn, his advertising budget alone was \$400,000.

During these tumultuous years Marjorie was growing right along with the Postum Company. C.W. saw to every facet of her character personally, and she became her Daddy's girl forever. Her mother loved her dearly, making sure she was kept unspoiled, healthy, clean, and that her manners were impeccable. Ella was a strict disciplinarian, spanking Marjorie with a hickory stick when she deemed it necessary.

C.W., on the other hand, never directly forbade Marjorie to do anything. Instead, he would say, "Marjorie, I wish you would not do that," and then cite his reasons.

He didn't stop with caring for his daughter's physical well-being. Marjorie had a first-class mind — a delight for any parent to discover but especially so for C.W., who saw himself reflected in his daughter in so many ways.

Marjorie grew up in a free-thinking environment, her curious, inquiring mind never stifled by cant. She took it quite for granted at an early age that she would feel no pain at the dentist's because her father would hypnotize her before each visit.

C.W. was not content, however, with merely molding Marjorie into a healthy, independent girl. As the Postum Co. grew and success seemed inevitable, C.W. realized that Marjorie would someday have the responsibility of handling it. Therefore, at age 8 or 9, Marjorie began attending business conferences with her father. Marjorie would check in C.W.'s office after school and sometimes find a note asking her to attend a meeting.

One can imagine them walking into the board room, hand in hand, Marjorie's solemn little face a mirror image of her father's. The same intense round blue eyes under level brows; the same straight, aquiline nose; but most important, the same razor-sharp mind.

Marjorie was never bored at any of the meetings. She sat still as a

mouse, filing away masses of data to discuss later with her father. And discuss it they would, C.W. quizzing Marjorie on the company plans. Money, he told her, should always be used to help other people: "Keep it moving, make it work, make it create, make it do good, and make it help in many hundreds of ways; in other words, don't be a miser and sit and count the shekels!" This credo became the foundation of Marjorie's character.

By 1900 it was evident that the La Vita Inn had outlived its usefulness. The Postum Co. was a growing giant and C.W. had lots of plans. Big plans. Marjorie loved them all. She was now 13, growing into a lovely, willowy, full-fig-



Marjorie at 17, during her student days at Mount Vernon College in Washington, D.C.

ured young lady. The Posts had been very happy at La Vita, a close-knit family group working hard to make a success of their business.

Success, however, put a strain on the Post marriage and eventually split it in two. Ella was a shy person, preferring a small circle of friends. Music, books and art were her refuge.

Marjorie and C.W., on the other hand, were exuberant as all the plans for expansion took shape. By now they were designing and making their own packages and cartons at the Battle Creek Paper Co. he had organized.

Now C.W. was ready to put his imprint on Battle Creek. The comfortable old La Vita Inn was soon swallowed up by the expanding complex which included: the Post Tavern, a six-story grand luxe hotel (with the top floor reserved as an apartment for the Posts); the Post Company office building; a downtown business building named the

Marjorie Block; the Post Sugar Company; the Post Gardens; the Post Theater; and the Post Addition, 80 acres of houses for Post employees.

By 1901, the Post Tavern was doing great business. Nearby, the Post Theater had opened with impressive fanfare. Marjorie was there on opening night to present dignitaries with large bouquets of roses.

The Posts' circle of friends were now the "powers-that-be" of the area. C.W. had really arrived.

W The Belle Of The Naval Academy

ashington in 1902 was Teddy Roosevelt's town. With him in the White House, not only Washington but the whole country began to hum.

When the Posts moved to Washington that year, where C.W. had previously opened an office, they set up two residences. C.W. and Ella had decided to separate. Marjorie would divide her time between them when not in school.

It was an exciting time in Washington. The newspapers had a field day with the escapades of Teddy Roosevelt and his daughter Alice.

Alice smoked in public. Alice showed her ankles. Alice was sassy and unrepentant.

Marjorie, on the other hand, was proper and well-behaved. She had settled into Miss Somers' school which later became Mount Vernon Seminary. It was a finishing school with emphasis on manners, but Miss Somers made sure the students tackled logic, astronomy, psychology, history, literature and math.

By now Marjorie had developed into a full-fledged beauty, her curvaceous figure set off to perfection by the pouter-pigeon styles of the day. The nipped-in waist, the flounces, ruffles and laces cascading over bosom and hips were the height of femininity. So was the high pompadour, off the brow, accenting the shiny tresses pinned up in swirls on the nape of the neck.

Add the glitter of jewels (demure and discreet as befitted her age) and you have the picture of the belle of the Naval Academy Hops, which Marjorie was.

The move to Washington had been necessitated not only by Marjorie's starting school there and by the Postum Company's expanding business, but by Post's desire to shepherd a bill through Congress that would put his Post-Check Currency on the market.

C.W.'s idea was for the U.S.

government to issue a new type of currency in small denominations: 25¢, 50¢, \$1, \$2 and \$5 bills. They could be used as regular money until the time came when someone needed to order something by mail, at which point the holder of a Post-Check Company bill would simply fill out the name and address of the company to be paid, attach a stamp on the lower left hand corner where indicated, and mail it. Sears Roebuck would get its \$2.50, the buyer would receive his goods, and the government would retire that particular bill from circulation. It was much too radical an idea to stand a chance.

"A Pretty Thing — For A Midwesterner"

Marjorie's parents' marriage was by now irrevokably broken. She had a good daughter's dutiful devotion to her mother, but it was her father she adored. Their minds and tastes were so attuned. They laughed at the same things, enjoyed the same things.

Fortunately Ella and C.W. didn't tear at their daughter the way so many separated or divorced couples do. Never overtly or covertly was she asked to choose sides. All three gradually adjusted to the new situation.

At the Post plant C.W. had noticed a young woman named Leila Young. C.W. was 48 and still exceedingly handsome. Leila was 28, tall, willowy and very pretty. Propinquity is sometimes as lethal as Cupid's dart. He hired her as a governess for a slightly less than pleased Marjorie. Leila moved into the house.

Marjorie graduated from Miss Somers' in June of 1904. Her father, having divorced her mother, married Leila Young in the fall of that same year.

There are two schools of thought about Marjorie's attitude toward Leila. One story has it that she was so furious and hurt, she resolved to get married as quickly as possible to "show them." The other school has it that Marjorie and Leila were friends, even going on a trip together just before C.W. married Leila. A photograph of Marjorie and her stepmother-to-be standing with their arms around each other supposedly supports this theory.

However, years later Marjorie told her youngest daughter that she "woke up with a gray streak" when her father told her he was to marry Leila.

Whatever the truth was at the time, after C.W.'s death there would be bitter feelings.

C.W.'s new mansion in Greenwich,

Conn., "The Boulders," was being finished none too soon, as Marjorie had become interested in a young man. There seems to be no record of exactly when or where she was introduced to a young lawyer named Edward Bennett Close. As C.W. and Marjorie were now operating in the top echelons of society, it is safe to assume that the meeting took place at some social occasion. They soon became engaged.

Ed Close had been voted the handsomest man in his class when he was graduated from Columbia University in 1905. Marjorie agreed completely. Ed was of medium height, with eyes as blue as Marjorie's own. He had beautiful blond hair, broad shoulders from playing football, and the neat, clipped features of the New England aristocrat he was. His father was the ninth generation of Closes to be born in Greenwich, but like so many of the landed gentry the Closes had owned real estate in New York City for generations, living there when it suited them. Ed Close had been born and brought up a New Yorker but was only too happy to revert to being a Connecticut Yankee.

During the rehearsal the night before the wedding, Marjorie's sharp ears caught part of a conversation as she was practicing the lock-step up the aisle. In a clipped accent a feminine voice purred, "She's quite a pretty little thing — for a Midwesterner."

Marjorie never changed expression, but behind her smile her teeth were clenched. "Oh, just you wait," she thought, "I'll show you!" Marjorie was ready to take on the Eastern Establishment to demonstrate that she was more than a pretty little moneyed Midwesterner who had married into society. She was unique. She was Marjorie Merriweather Post. She resolved to put her stamp on history.

Marjorie Post was married to Edward Bennett Close on Dec. 3, 1905, at the Grace Episcopal Church in New York City. It was a small, intimate ceremony. Ed's great-great-grandfather had given the original land to the parish, so he felt quite at home.

Armed with their youth, her money and his social position, the Closes lived in a protected, secure little world. It was idyllic. Marjorie's father had given her \$100,000 in municipal bonds for a wedding present, plus the deed to "The Boulders." He also gave her a housekeeper for half a year. Beyond that she was expected to run the household completely, down to the last penny for the chauffeur's shoelaces. The books must balance. And they would.

The years 1905 and 1906 were productive ones for C.W. "Elijah's Manna" (soon to become "Post Toasties") was put on the market. The Postum Co. was doing better than ever, with its busy branches in Washington, New York and London.

After 1902 C.W. had retired from active direction of the Postum Co., leaving the actual running to his carefully selected "cabinet" of men.

After his try at putting his "Post Currency Bill" through Congress, he dusted off his white Stetson, polished up his hand-tooled boots and invited Marjorie and Ed to join Leila and him on a trip out West in the fall of 1906.

The Closes could consider it a second installment of their honeymoon. C.W. told them blandly. Marjorie and Ed always enjoyed traveling with C.W., only this time it was roughing it out West. Literally. Poor Ed found out what being a tenderfoot really meant. When he said he had never been west of Yonkers, it was the absolute truth.

A rattly train took them 50 miles southwest of Wichita Falls, Kan. After that it was make do with springboard wagons and rickety carriages. Their bones ached so much that riding a horse became a longed-for luxury.

A family visit with C.W.'s father and mother in Fort Worth caught everybody up on the clan gossip before they headed for west Texas to look at the ranches that the Post local scout had picked out.

Pink Silk Pajamas And Six Missing Cents

The first purchase was the Curry Comb Ranch, 112,000 acres. Next was added the John B. Slaughter Ranch, 47,000 acres, and later the T. G. Asher Ranch, 24,000 acres. Altogether Post acquired some 225,000 acres. The family all loved the Curry Comb Ranch so much that the Closes planned to spend at least two months a year there to enjoy the healthy, easygoing Western life.

Marjorie teasingly urged Ed to buy some rugged pajamas for their next trip West. At one ranch house there had been just room enough for everyone to bed down comfortably — with the exception of the new bridegroom, who had to sleep in the bunkhouse with the cowboys. Much to the ranch hands' glee, the Eastern tenderfoot was still wearing his pink silk wedding pajamas.

Marjorie and Ed were sorry when Ed's job forced them to return East, leaving C.W. to plot out the model town he was planning to develop.

But they had to admit that it was

nice to get back to The Boulders with its hot and cold running water and comfortable beds. They picked up their round of social activities where they had left off. However C.W. didn't allow them time to rusticate. Feeling that it would be a good idea for Ed Close to learn more about the Postum Co., he convinced the newlyweds to move to Battle Creek for a while. Their little rented house came complete with an Irish maid.

One of Marjorie's favorite stories about those days concerned a less-than-perfect dinner party. It was the first time Marjorie had entertained the manager of the company and she wanted to make a good impression. The young Irish maid brought in the turkey: magnificent, golden brown. She tripped. Down went maid, platter and bird with a loud crash. Bobbing to her feet and scooping up everything with a smile, the daughter of Erin said with a

arrowheads, playing cards supposedly made of human skin, and a gigantic war canoe. It was just the beginning.

After Ed and C.W. had decided that Ed had learned enough about the company, the Closes returned from Battle Creek to settle in The Boulders once more. Ed decided to go into brokerage in order to be better fitted to handle Marjorie's trust and investments which brought her an income of \$50,000 a year.

The Closes' pleasant life — Palm Beach in the winter, the Adirondacks in the summer, trips out West, weekends in New York, and trips to Battle Creek to see how the Postum Co. was faring — was made even more pleasant by the birth of their first child, Adelaide Brevoort Close, on July 26, 1908. C. W. was at Marjorie's bedside holding her hand during the delivery.

It was a normal, healthy birth, but C.W. was in anguish. In the first place, he couldn't bear to see anyone suffer pain; and in the second place, Marjorie had such a tight grip on his hand that his gold ring dug into his finger, making it bleed. When Adelaide finally arrived, the loving grandfather greeted her, then rushed to the sideboard for the first desperately needed drink in his life.

Next year Marjorie produced Eleanor Post Close on Dec. 12, 1909, without the aid of her father. It was less hectic for both of them.

At the turn of the century, Americans had extra cash to spend. They were also psychologically ready for health food, having filled their pioneer stomachs to capacity. Thus C.W. could, by ingenuity and hard work, become a multimillionaire in seven years. By selling good, healthy food to his customers for a fair price, he was one of the few honest tycoons of his day. The magic period following — 1900 to 1914 — seemed at the time made for America's industrialists. Until 1913, there was still no income tax to cloud the sunny skies.

The Closes' personal life was a reflection of the national scene. Ed and Marjorie adored their two little girls, who returned their affection wholeheartedly.

Before her marriage, Marjorie's father had dominated her life. Now he and Ed shared the responsibility, as C.W. was not about to abdicate his position as pater familias. It was fortunate that the two men continued to like and respect each other.

Marjorie was apt to receive sharp letters from her father any time: concerning landscaping and the need to

plan exactly where rocks were to go before hiring people to move them; or an admonition not to ride sidesaddle, which he considered very dangerous (only astride in the Western fashion was suitable). Then, after Marjorie took a bad spill from her horse, C.W. reversed his position and made her ride sidesaddle. He was martinet enough to make her search for six missing cents at the end of a year's accounting.

Marjorie found it.

C.W. also kept his daughter up-to-date concerning the progress of the Postum Co., of which there was a great deal.

He always had lots to tell Marjorie when he and Leila came East for Christmas. The Boulders seemed to have been created for the holidays. By December the snow was deep, making the gardens and sloping lawns a marvelous new white world for the two little girls to explore. By the time "The Governor," as the girls called C.W., arrived, The Boulders had been decorated from top to bottom.

The golden years slid by quickly. The milestones of birthdays, Christmases, trips to the Adirondacks, to Palm Beach, to Texas blurred into a contented ribbon.

T C.W. Commits Suicide

The first blow that Marjorie suffered in a series of personal ones was the death of her mother, Ella Post, in 1912. Ella had been visiting friends in Washington, feeling quite well, so it was a shock to the whole family. But the real wrench for Marjorie was the death of her father two years later, in 1914.

C.W. had never ceased to suffer from his early stomach disorders, the original reason for his invention of Grape-Nuts. Even though he watched his diet carefully, recurrent bouts of acute discomfort still plagued him. Through sheer strength of will, C.W. had continued his fantastically vigorous, fruitful life. But by 1913 his health had really begun to fail.

An operation for appendicitis was performed on C.W. at the Mayo Clinic on March 10. Marjorie rushed up from Palm Beach to be at her father's side. At first the operation was believed to have been successful. Unfortunately, after C.W. had been out of the hospital a short while, it became only too evident that such was not the case.

Realizing that his trouble was a lot worse than appendicitis, C.W. began to have spells of melancholia. All guns were removed from the premises and a



Husband number two: Edward F. Hutton, on a visit to Palm Beach with Marjorie, 1923.

beguiling Cork accent, "Ah now, don't you worry Mum, I'll just nip out to the kitchen and get the other bird out of the oven."

Marjorie smiled sweetly, knowing full well that there was only one cooked turkey in the house. She kept a perfectly straight face when the maid appeared a few minutes later with a slightly dented "second" turkey.

Inadvertently, the next few summers would start Marjorie on another life-long passion, the study of the American Indian. Her growing collection of Indian artifacts included teepees, totem poles, tomahawks, wampum and war bonnets, not to mention

very close surveillance was kept. It turned out to be not close enough. One 30-30 hunting rifle had been overlooked somehow. While Leila and his nurse were out of the house for a short time, C. W. dressed in a business suit, loaded the weapon, stretched out on his bed, put the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

Marjorie was plunged into grief. A gigantic breach was left in the fabric of her life that nothing would ever quite mend. Marjorie felt the loss so deeply that for the rest of her life she would be incapable of discussing her father's death dispassionately. She tried to block it from her mind completely, even going so far as to have his suicide omitted from the biography of C.W. that she later commissioned.

Up until her father's death Marjorie Close had led the life of a wealthy society matron. Afterwards, she was pitched, willy-nilly, into the ranks of the super-rich. Marjorie's iron constitution grew even stronger as the pressures began. On May 25, C.W.'s will was filed for probate in Washington, D. C. On the 26th *The New York Times* headline read: "POST FORTUNE \$20,000,000 — Bulk of It Bequeathed to Cereal Man's Widow and Daughter."

Of C.W.'s holdings, Marjorie was to inherit all properties owned in Rock Ridge, Conn.; half of all his land in Texas; the Marjorie Block and Enquirer Buildings in Battle Creek; and 25 per cent of all the personal property of her father, aside from his holdings in the Postum Cereal Co., of which she was to receive one-half the stock.

Leila was to get all the real estate in Battle Creek, excepting the two properties left to Marjorie; all his real estate holdings in Santa Barbara; half of the property in Texas; 25 per cent of his personal estate, excluding the common stock of the Postum Cereal Co. of which she was to receive one-half. The rest was left to various other members of the family.

C.W.'s will started a knock-down, drag-out fight between Marjorie and Leila. Marjorie knew that all but two or three shares of the Postum Co. had been held in trust for her by her father. Those had been Ella's terms when she loaned C.W. the original money for the La Vita Inn Co.

Marjorie felt that the shares belonged to herself, and that Leila had no right to them. Not unnaturally, Leila preferred to go by the will, as it meant quite a few more millions for her. Marjorie considered this pure greed and never forgave Leila.

Although the tense situation was kept from the public, rumors inevitably began to spread. Just in the nick of time, Ed Close finally tracked down the original agreement in which Ella made C.W. sole trustee for his daughter of the original shares of the La Vita Inn Co. Armed with this, Marjorie's lawyers proceeded to make an out-of-court agreement between stepmother and stepdaughter. By hard bargaining Leila's lawyers managed to get C.W.'s widow more of the Texas land than Marjorie thought she was entitled to. But, at least, everything was settled.

Because of all the litigation concerning C.W.'s estate, Marjorie had to be reassured by her financial advisors that she could actually afford to buy the Townsend Burden house in New York City for \$1 million. It was situated at 2 E. 92nd St., just off Fifth Avenue across from Felix Waburg's and backing up on Otto Kahn's. There were dozens of rooms to be furnished.

Marjorie, taking the job very seriously, immediately started to attend lectures at the Metropolitan Museum, to study exhibitions and to ask experts like Sir Joseph Duveen endless questions. Soon she felt knowledgeable enough to pay \$175,000 for a set of Beauvais tapestries, \$10,000 for Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi," and untold thousands for her favorite Louis XVI furniture.

When she became even more secure Duveen was allowed to install \$2 million worth of collector's items in her drawing room for her approval while she was abroad. Somehow Sir Joseph misjudged as she sent most of them back when she returned.

Spending Money Gets Easier

To celebrate the 10th anniversary of her marriage to Ed Close, Marjorie pulled out all the stops. Spending money was getting easier and becoming more fun. Marjorie hired the ballroom at the Ritz for the largest party the Closes had ever given, on Dec. 3, 1915. The ballroom glittered with a forest of tin flowers and Marjorie carried a matching bouquet, careful not to cut herself or others with the unflower-like edges. The party was a smash success, and hadn't cost any more than her Rubens.

It was about this time, having begun to suffer from digestive problems as had her father, that Marjorie began her lifelong quest for perfect health. She took ballet lessons, did daily exercises and became prey to any new-

fangled theory proposed by a convincing so-called expert.

The first of these types was a certain Dr. Basler, who informed Marjorie that she had a fallen stomach. This was to become a very popular ailment in the next two decades, just vague enough to entail all sorts of treatment and diet, yet definite enough to give a reason for that very same treatment.

For her fallen stomach Marjorie began a series of exercises to develop certain muscles, particularly the shoulders. A special bed board helped keep her back straight. Heavy cream and olive oil added to her diet also added to her weight. Marjorie's always superb carriage became even more so. Convinced that good posture was linked with good digestion, Marjorie began to inculcate her daughters with Dr. Basler's ideas.

In Battle Creek the high point of 1914 for the Postum Co. was the successful new way of making Post Toasties with the now-famous blisters of bubbles on the surface of the flake. They stayed crisp longer in milk because the little air pockets retarded moisture absorption. Marjorie and Ed tasted them and found them delicious. So did the rest of America.

More money rolled in.

C.W.'s careful business training was bearing fruit. Marjorie knew the company from top to bottom. The "cabinet" was headed by her favorite uncle, Carroll L. Post, as president and chairman of the board. Ed was made vice-president.

Marjorie depended almost as much on her husband's good advice as she had on her father's. He brought his sharp analytical mind to bear on all the company problems, and they would discuss them for hours. Ed liked to see Marjorie involved in the business world.

His New England conscience, however, didn't approve of the gay abandon with which Marjorie spent money in the social world. The Puritans always felt that anything one really enjoyed doing must be a little bit sinful. Not that Ed was puritanical; far from it. He was charming and easy and far too intelligent to have a rigid mind. But a small strain had been placed on the marriage, of which neither was aware. They were still very much in love.

During the summer of 1916 an epidemic of infantile paralysis swept New York and Connecticut. The Closes were in New York City at the time and the girls were in Greenwich. Marjorie was wild. Adelaide was 8, Eleanor 7;

the thought of either of her lovely little girls being struck down by the horrible disease drove her to distraction. All her knowledge of how to battle disease was put to immediate use. Neither the girls nor the servants were to set foot off the estate. Any servant who did so was to be fired immediately. They had a farm on the estate, so food was not a major problem. Marjorie herself changed clothes and washed with disinfectant every time she visited The Boulders.

Everyone, especially the servants, heaved a large sigh of relief when the cold weather arrived and the epidemic was over. Marjorie rewarded the exhausted staff liberally for their patience and loyalty. This was to become one of Marjorie's personal hallmarks, her thoughtfulness toward her employees.

M*The Destruction Of "The Boulders"*
Marjorie and all the world had a bigger problem to face the following year. After losing too many ships, America finally declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917.

Marjorie had done a lot of growing up since her father's death and was about to do a lot more. Ed Close enlisted in the Army in 1917, was commissioned a captain, and was sent to France on the hospital ship that Marjorie had equipped for the Red Cross.

Shortly afterwards, Marjorie arranged to equip a 2,000-bed wing for the American Hospital at Saverne, France. She also had to re-equip her hospital ship after it arrived in France, as it was bombed in the harbor and badly damaged.

For the first time Marjorie was without the emotional support of a man in her immediate family, although she did have her beloved uncle, Carroll Post, who had moved next door to her in New York, on 92nd Street. A door was cut through between the two houses, and it was a joy to Marjorie to be able to see Aunt Mollie at the drop of a latch and gossip as they had done when she was a teenager. Still, Ed, with his charming ways and swift sense of humor, was gone, the children were little, the house was lonely.

Not having a brooding nature, Marjorie gave herself even more things to do. She donned her Red Cross uniform and rolled bandages with the girls, and knit endless mufflers. Raising money for the war by charity functions was a natural for Marjorie. She could afford to buy lots of Liberty Bonds and did.

During the summer of 1917, Mar-

jorie's beloved estate The Boulders caught fire and was burned beyond repair. Marjorie was filled with a strange kind of sadness. The destruction of The Boulders seemed like a portent of some kind, as if a book had been firmly closed on a part of her life.

When the war ended on Nov. 11, 1918, troop ships began bringing the weary soldiers home. The shock of readjusting to civilian life after all the horror, brutality, and just plain discomfort of war-making was more difficult for some than others. Ed Close, being older than the average soldier, found it fairly easy — but even he discovered changes in himself that were irreversible.

Having experienced war, a feeling began to grow within him that somehow he should be connected with hospital work. It made him restless. His ready wit was seldom used now in the continuous round of social functions that now seemed a vacuous existence.

Marjorie had also changed. She had been making her own decisions and thinking independently for a year, and found it difficult to change. Getting back into the harness of a working marriage proved to be impossible. Marjorie enjoyed society immensely, she had a great capacity for friendships and loved collecting interesting people.

But such a life did not suit Ed. Regretfully, because they were both still fond of one another, Marjorie and Ed decided to lead separate lives. They were divorced in 1919, with Marjorie awarded custody of Adelaide and Eleanor. Ed obtained a job helping run the American Hospital in Paris and moved there to begin a rewarding life's work.

Marjorie was now an attractive, immensely wealthy divorcee with great personal charm and a mind of her own. It was a combination bound to intrigue someone who shared all the same qualities. Edward F. Hutton, a New York widower, was the perfect foil. He had started E. F. Hutton & Co., which had instituted the first wire brokerage service in history.

Born on a farm in Ohio, Edward and his brother, Franklyn, had both been spectacularly successful in the field of finance. It was Franklyn, having married F. W. Woolworth's daughter, Edna, who had fathered the famous Barbara Hutton. The tabloids called Barbara either a "poor little rich girl" or the "dime store heiress."

Ed Hutton was considered the beau ideal by both men and women. Hut-

ton's classic good looks didn't prompt derision in other men because he didn't rely on his looks. He was masculine and sports-minded. Like Marjorie, Hutton was as happy tramping through the woods with a gun over his shoulder as dining formally. His love of polo, golf, riding, shooting and sailing had given him the trim grace of a natural athlete. Add dynamic, uninhibited charm and it was little wonder that Marjorie was attracted to him. What woman wasn't?

As much as Marjorie was enjoying her freedom, she was destined to be dominated, up to a point, by men. She needed a man in her life to give her emotional and moral support as her father had done. Now she was alone again, and she was falling deeply in love.

Marjorie Merriweather Post Close and Edward Francis Hutton were married on July 7, 1920, in her house on 92nd Street in New York. The ceremony took place in the library. Always sensitive to color, Marjorie made Kottmiller, the florist, take back a room full of roses because they clashed with the rest of the decor. Otherwise the happy occasion went smoothly. Marjorie was now Mrs. E. F. Hutton, prepared to tangle if not tango with the roaring 20s. Marjorie called her new husband "Ned." It simplified life not to have two Eds in the family.

Tragedy was to mar that first summer. In September Ned Hutton's adored only child, his 18-year-old son, Halcourt, was thrown from his horse and died of a broken neck.

It was a devastating blow to Ned. Marjorie was determined to give Ned another son, not to take his first son's place, but to fill the emotional void that his death had left. Until this was possible, another way to take Ned's mind off his loss was to utilize his business genius in reorganizing the Postum Co.

The Best Bootlegger In Town

To be young and rich and beautiful in the 1920s was to have a very special place in a very special time. The boom was on, even for the moderately well off. Luxury was in, thrift was out.

Palm Beach in the '20s was the epitome of glamour. Only the rich and well-born or well-behaved could afford it; people like the Vanderbilts, Astors, Stotesburys, Wanamakers, Warburtons, Kents, Dodges, Donahues, Munns, Pillsburys, Woolworths and Pulitzers.

Billie Burke and Flo Ziegfeld, good friends of the Huttons, helped Marjorie and her friends stage plays or costume

balls for charity. Marjorie was delighted when Flo chose an exotic American Indian princess costume for her to wear at one of the events. It was too exotic to be authentic, but it was dramatic. At another party Marjorie won first prize for the funniest costume, which consisted of a gunny sack with kitchen utensils hanging all over it. Billie Burke taught her how to apply makeup. Lipstick had just come into fashion.

If one wasn't booked up for a series of parties at private houses or the new Everglades Club, then one automatically went to Bradley's casino to dine and gamble.

Unfortunately Ned Hutton was not a lucky gambler, and Marjorie didn't like this expensive diversion. One time, after heavy losses, Marjorie told Ned that the next time he dropped a bundle she would charge a piece of jewelry to his account for the same amount. Ned dropped \$300,000 and Marjorie promptly picked up a string of pink pearls. Ned winced and carried on.

To keep fit, the young married crowd played tennis and golf or sailed their yachts. On rainy days one could always play auction bridge for high stakes. But they didn't include Marjorie, who didn't like the game.

Marjorie and Ned had barely settled into their new high-powered life before Marjorie was dealt another crushing blow. The son she had so longed to give Ned arrived that summer of 1921, much too early to survive. Marjorie had a miscarriage during her third month while she was sailing on their yacht, the *Hussar*. They were both heartbroken. The only consolation was that Marjorie was young, healthy and capable of bearing more children. The next one would surely be another boy.

In 1920 Marjorie and Ned bought a camp on Upper St. Regis Lake in the Adirondacks. Situated on a high rise of land between Upper St. Regis Lake and Upper Spectacle Pond and consisting of more than seven acres, it had dramatic water views in all directions. By the time Marjorie had bought an additional 200 adjoining acres plus Lower Spectacle Pond, and remodeled the original simple camp into an elegant, utterly comfortable, yet rustic retreat, Marjorie and her Adirondack camp had both moved into American folklore and legend.

Since "Topridge" was exactly where the name indicated, on the top of a ridge, guests had to reach it by funicular up the steep bank from the boathouse on the lake. One reached the boathouse by launch across the lake,

having reached the launch by car from the railroad station in the early days and from the airport later.

By 1922 the Huttons were established as the host and hostess of the day. Invitations to their parties were much sought after. They were fun, they were elegant. The guests were amusing, the food delicious and the champagne superb. That Ned Hutton had the best bootlegger in town goes without saying.

A guest described the Huttons at that time as the handsomest couple he had ever seen. The white streak in Marjorie's hair which appeared when she was 16 was now a broad silver feather, sweeping back dramatically from her brow. Like most fair-haired people, Marjorie's naturally blonde hair had darkened, in her case to a reddish brown. Ned disliked her prematurely graying hair, so she dyed it herself, leaving the one white streak for accent.



Seventeen acres of snake-infested underbrush were cleared to make way for Mrs. Post's fabled Palm Beach estate, Mar-a-Lago. Construction lasted nearly four years, from 1923 to 1927.

Her skin was still delicate and translucent. Against it her fabulous jewels sparkled and glowed.

Ned Hutton at 47 was at his peak. The gray at his temples added distinction to his classic profile. As much of a perfectionist about clothes as C. W. had ever been, he was always impeccably tailored and groomed. But it was his uninhibited interest in everything that drew people to him.

Ned's plans for the Postum Co. were going well. By June 1922 he had made the company into an open corporation, with stock listed on the exchange. Postum had gone public. Marjorie retained just over half the stock to give her controlling interest. Goldman, Sachs and Co. paid her \$10 million for the remaining shares.

Meanwhile, Ned began to look around for healthy companies for Postum to acquire. The first one to catch his eye was the Jell-O Co. An arrangement was made for an exchange of common stock in the Postum Co. for the whole capital stock of the Jell-O Co. By 1925 this had been done successfully. Then Ned went after, and eventually got for Postum, Swan's Down Cake Flour, Calumet Baking Powder, Baker's Chocolate, Hellmann's Mayonnaise, Log Cabin Syrup, Maxwell House Coffee, La France Laundry Flakes, Certo Gelatin, Diamond Crystal Salt and Sealshipt Oysters. C.W.'s old dream had finally come true. Postum was now a conglomerate. But it was to be Marjorie, not Ned, who would pull the greatest coup of all for the Postum Co. in only a few years.

The Huttons' life was an energetic one. Ned had introduced Marjorie to

the joys of sailing on his yacht, *Lady Baltimore*, and she soon became as passionate about it as he was. He also had a 202-foot, three-masted auxiliary schooner, the *Hussar* (the fourth of that name to be owned by Hutton) built for them in Copenhagen. She was a beauty and very fast. From that time, part of their summers were spent on the water. The remainder of each summer was spent up in the Adirondacks; part of the fall on their newly acquired "Green Pond Plantation" in South Carolina; and winters in Palm Beach.

The Huttons had built "Green Pond Plantation," just south of Charleston, because Ned had gotten into the habit of going there on hunting expeditions. There were large numbers of pheasant, quail, duck and wild turkey.

Marjorie didn't like killing animals but she occasionally would ride a nice quiet horse through the woods with Ned when he went after game.

Marjorie ran every establishment to perfection. The logistics were formidable. Family, staff and personal possessions had to be moved constantly and efficiently. Part of the staff went on ahead each time Marjorie changed residence to make sure that everything was shined and spotless and that each piece of furniture was in its exact position. Charts of the rooms were kept to indicate where each object went. Bibles were placed on tables and mantelpieces with fraction-of-an-inch precision.

Deenie's Special Childhood

As a belated Christmas present, Marjorie presented Ned with a beautiful little girl on Dec. 29, 1923. The baby was not the son they had hoped for, but their disappointment faded quickly. After all, the child could still be named for her father; and so she was — Nedenia, for Ned. Ned became enraptured with his baby daughter. And well he might, for she was a miniature of her mother. (Sixteen years later, Nedenia would adopt the stage name Dina Merrill and begin a very successful career as an actress.) Marjorie always insisted on celebrating little Nedenia's birthday on the 12th of December, as any girl born after Dec. 15 had to join the next year's Debutante Cotillion.

Nedenia, whose nickname soon became Deenie, was a happy, imaginative child from the beginning. Since her sisters were 14 and 15 years older than she, to all intents and purposes she led the life of an only child, at least until her niece Marwee was born. With a lovely combination of her mother's practicality and her own innate whimsy, she soon invented a fantasy world to which she could escape whenever bored or lonely.

It was almost inevitable that Deenie would be drawn to the theater, considering her unfettered imagination and the ever-changing settings against which she exercised it. The mannered existence of the social world automatically entails a disciplined behavior and a certain amount of unconscious acting. Deenie absorbed all the nuances like a little sponge.

Some of her earliest happy memories are of sitting on her mother's lap while Marjorie was either preparing for the day or, even better, for a party. She watched, fascinated, as her

mother combed and pinned up her long, heavy hair into a series of intricate loops and swirls. Next came the jars of creams and powders.

When Deenie grew too tall for her mother to see over her, she was relegated to a nearby chair where she would watch. A little straw basket of special small toys was kept in the dressing room for Deenie. The basket of toys not only kept her amused but also trained her not to touch any of the priceless artifacts which filled all Marjorie's houses. A Faberge Easter egg is not a toy.

The only exception to the "no touch" rule was that Deenie was always allowed to try on her mother's jewelry before Marjorie finished dressing. Draping herself in glittering diamonds and rubies, and holding the diamond tiara very firmly on her head, Deenie would pirouette in front of the long mirror pretending that she was grown up and going to the ball.

Ned liked Deenie to accompany him on his masculine pursuits. He wasn't trying to make Deenie into a son, although Deenie sometimes felt he was, but he did want her to master such sports as riding, swimming, fishing, and later shooting and golf. She hated riding and shooting but would trot around the golf course quite happily with him for hours.

Another favorite childhood activity was the daily constitutional that Marjorie and Deenie took around the Reservoir every day they were in New York. Only the most ferocious weather would keep them from their walk.

On the yacht there were a series of morning exercises and calisthenics. Deenie did these with her mother and father on deck where a gym had been installed. Afterwards a good hosing down with icy seawater made the blood surge.

It was well that Ned and Deenie did join Marjorie each day, as they usually had two breakfasts to work off, not one. Since the staff wasn't put on Marjorie's strict diet, Ned thought the crew ate much better than the family; so he and Deenie would get up early and sneak below to have breakfast with them in the galley. Sated and happy, father and daughter would go above, eventually to join Marjorie for a "proper" breakfast later on. She never found out.

In one of the ship's logs Ned wrote a beautiful tribute to his daughter: "To Deenie: nothing interferes with her 'always smiles.' She is the *Hussar* mascot. Always is busy, never walks. Constantly

on the run. A friend of all the crew. Happy as a clam at high tide. Just a dear little monkey. Without her there would be no sunshine, with her the days are too short and the sun is always bright and warm. My hat off to you, Deenie, as the best little female mascot who ever put shoe leather on a quarter-deck. Ned."

Life aboard the *Hussar* was ideal as far as Deenie was concerned. Lessons with her governess, Miss Tytler, from 7 to 9 took care of her schooling. After that she was free for the day. Deenie adored deep-sea fishing and would sit contentedly for hours with her father, holding her fishing rod, mesmerized by the rippling water.

Wherever they went they explored, finding tiny uninhabited islands and having picnics on the silky beaches.

Once, in the Virgin Islands, Marjorie was homesick for some Adirondacks pancakes, and gave the chef exact instructions as to the making of the batter. There would be a picnic on the beach and Marjorie would cook the pancakes herself for the family. Deenie describes the scene. "Mother got out the big frying pan. She was going to cook us pancakes for dessert. Well, she got the first two done, and out of the bushes came this cute little black boy. He was going, 'sniff, sniff.' And Mother looked at him and said, 'Would you like some?'"

"He nodded his head, so she gave him a paper plate. As he was eating, another little boy came out. Before we knew it we had a good dozen of them just standing there, eating as fast as Mother could do them. Finally she cooked all the batter up and that was the end of that."

Marjorie Meets Mr. Birdseye

It had been on an earlier trip, sometime in 1926, that a frozen goose had been served for dinner aboard the *Hussar*. The Huttons were anchored off Gloucester, Mass., taking on provisions for a sea voyage. The bird was so tender and tasty that Marjorie wanted to know more about it. It turned out that a certain Mr. Birdseye had a frozen food plant. Furthermore, the business was in difficulty and could be bought for \$2 million.

Marjorie, although no cook herself, had an instinct for what the average housewife would need to make her life easier. Frozen food would be a godsend. She wanted to buy Birdseye then and there. C.W. would have been proud of

his daughter. Not only was Marjorie's grasp of financial matters formidable, to say the least, but her understanding of people and her intuitive feeling of their essential wants matched her father's.

However, Ned demurred. He envisioned all the difficulties of transporting and maintaining the frozen items in perfect shape. There would be vast expenses for refrigerated railroad cars or trucks to preserve the food in transit. And how would the retailer cope with the same problem after the produce had arrived? So Marjorie was voted down.

Three years later frozen food had proved itself, Birdseye was still for sale (at about \$20 million), and Ned changed his mind. The Postum Co. bought it. Since Birdseye had a patent under the name General Foods, the Postum Co. adopted the new name as its own.

While Deenie was still playing with her dolls, her two older sisters reached the debutante age. Adelaide had been presented to society in 1926 and Eleanor was presented a year and a half later.

At 18, Adelaide had a mind of her own. Shy with strangers, she nevertheless knew exactly what she liked and what she didn't like. She liked reliable, steadfast animals and people whom one could trust. She didn't like society with a capital "S." It smacked too much of falseness and pretention. She was horrified to learn that her mother wanted her to debut in both America and England. Adelaide quickly gave her mother an ultimatum: either her mother could arrange to have her presented at court or give her a coming-out party in New York, but not both. Marjorie gave in gracefully and chose the latter, knowing it would make Adelaide happier.

In 1929, the year after Eleanor's coming-out ball at the Ritz, Marjorie arranged for her to be presented at court. Eleanor didn't care for society any more than Adelaide did. Her life was music and art and intellectual pursuits. But she bowed to her mother's wishes. King George V was monarch then. Only seven other American girls that year were so honored.

Marjorie herself was presented at court in 1931, looking quite as beautiful as her daughter had, with the requisite three white feathers in her hair. She was superbly gowned and bejeweled and carried a large ostrich fan. Divorcees were not usually allowed to be presented, but Marjorie now had many

powerful friends in England who were happy to bend the rules.

On Jan. 19, 1927, Adelaide was married to Thomas (Tim) Wells Durant at St. Thomas Church in New York. Orange blossoms were flown in from California. Two enormous blooming rose bushes on either side of the altar added their fragrance to the already perfumed air. Marjorie had bought for Adelaide a beautiful veil of Hamburg lace, first worn in 1854 by Princess Elizabeth, the bride of Emperor Franz Joseph. It cost Marjorie \$60,000. Later it was given to the Metropolitan Museum. Deenie's cousin, Barbara Hutton, was one of the bridesmaids.

Marjorie was very pleased to have Tim Durant as a son-in-law. Elegant and charming, he was popular with everyone.

She was less than pleased when Eleanor informed her she was in love with playwright Preston Sturges and intended to marry him. Preston Sturges was a good deal older than Eleanor and had been married and divorced. He was also noted for a violent temper. All in all, not exactly the type of man a loving mother would choose as a husband for a beautiful teenage daughter.

Marjorie was angry enough to threaten Eleanor with being disinherited. Not bothered one iota, Eleanor promptly invited friends to have dinner with her at the Automat. As they were being driven there by the chauffeur in one of the family cars, Eleanor explained coolly that considering the circumstances she couldn't afford anything more.

Later Adelaide received a frantic call from her mother in Palm Beach. Eleanor had been down for a visit and was coming North by train. Adelaide was asked to meet the train in New York and talk Eleanor out of marrying Preston Sturges. With a sinking heart, Adelaide went down to the station knowing that her assignment was doomed from the start. She was right. In a matter of days, risking her mother's wrath, Eleanor eloped with Sturges.

Marjorie promptly disinherited Eleanor and settled back to wait for her predictions of disaster to come true. They soon did. After her subsequent divorce, Eleanor was reinstated in her mother's good graces.

From Hogarcito To Mar-a-Lago

Marjorie's first house in Palm Beach evolved out of a chance meeting in 1920 with architect Marion Sims Wyeth. Marjorie was taking one of her

daily constitutionals along Golfview Road when she met the manager of the Everglades Club, Martin Sweeney. The tall, elegant man walking with him was introduced as one of Palm Beach's leading architects. Marjorie, in her direct way, asked to come to Mr. Wyeth's office to discuss plans for building a house.

By 1921 "Hogarcito" was finished. Built on the edge of the Everglades golf course on Golfview Road, it commanded a superb view of the emerald-green, palm-dotted golf links. With its red tile



Husband number three: Joseph E. Davies, on his return from a 1943 mission to Moscow.

roof, curved windows, iron grill balcony and perky three-story tower, Hogarcito had a merry welcoming air.

Very soon, however, it became obvious it couldn't hold all Marjorie and Ned's house guests. An added wing helped a little, but not much.

In 1923, Wyeth was called again, this time without Ned's knowledge or consent. Marjorie knew that Ned would disapprove. He did. Strenuously. But Marjorie had a \$1 million castle in mind and would not be denied. Over the years Marjorie had become accustomed to having her own way. As she and Ned had usually wanted the same things, this tendency of Marjorie's hadn't caused much trouble before. Finally Ned gave in a bit grumpily and the plans went ahead.

Marjorie wanted her new house built on a huge, semicircular terrace to take advantage of a lovely view of

Lake Worth. She had already located the property she wanted by crawling through miles of bug- and snake-infested underbrush with her real estate agent.

Seventeen acres just north of where the Bath and Tennis Club now stands proved to be perfect. The property stretched from Lake Worth to the Atlantic Ocean, so Marjorie quickly dubbed her dream house "Mar-a-Lago," literally sea-to-lake. She and Marion Wyeth pored over the floor plans, deciding where to position the various rooms to take advantage of both water-scapes. Among her special requests: she wanted the dining room to be a replica of one in the Chigi Palace in Rome.

In the spring of 1923, when Marion Wyeth had finished the floor plans, the Huttons sailed down from New York on the *Hussar* to discuss them. With them was a man who was to play a large role in converting Wyeth's plans into the phenomenon known as Mar-a-Lago. He was Joseph Urban.

A big, lusty man weighing in at 250 pounds, Urban exuded enthusiasm and joie de vivre. His voice boomed in a heavy Austrian accent, and his vivid imagination was completely unfettered. He had been an architect for the Emperor Franz Joseph and the Khedive of Egypt. William Randolph Hearst had brought Urban over from Austria to design the stage sets for the Metropolitan Opera House while Urban's daughter designed the costumes.

Lunch back at the Wyeths that day was a gay affair. Everyone talked endlessly about the plans for the new house, and Urban's imagination took fire. His mental inferno was to cost Marjorie an extra \$1½ million, but the end product was certainly unique and just what Marjorie wanted.

The style was to be Hispano-Moresque with a 75-foot tower, the whole confection topped with the Spanish roofing tiles so popular on the Mediterranean. Cloisters were to line the crescent-shaped terrace on both the first and second floors, thus supposedly saving the guests from getting damp from the rain as they took the outer short-cut to another room. The overhang on the second floor was insufficient, however — one of Urban's technical miscalculations that later caused many of the guests in the bedrooms lining the balcony to suffer soggy bathrobes and wet feet.

These guest rooms were carefully designed and decorated in completely different styles — Spanish, Portuguese,

Venetian, Dutch delft. Marjorie's own suite was done in her favorite Louis XVI style using creams and pale blues.

Mar-a-Lago was to be built of Dorian stone, which acquires a patina of age quickly and is also good for carving. Master-sculptor Franz Barwig and his son were kept busy for nearly three years forming animals, figures, flowers, geometric designs. Every door, window and wall would be decorated to the eye's delight. Where the carving left off, decorative Spanish tiles would begin.

Marjorie had wanted a combination of Spanish, Venetian and Portuguese styles. Now she would finally have almost 100 such rooms to contemplate. This, of course, included a series of connected buildings for the servants and visiting servants.

The endless handmade tiles that are as much a part of Mar-a-Lago's charm as the sculpture were a lucky buy for Marjorie. Mrs. Horace Havermeyer had collected about 36,000 of them in the 1880s, some quite modern, some dating back to the 15th century. All were in perfect condition, the colors clear and the designs enchanting. Marjorie bought a warehouse full, finding to her delight that she inadvertently had acquired an extra 15,000 tiles for her money — a bit of careless inventory of which Marjorie herself would never have been guilty.

*"Only \$70,000,
Mrs. Hutton"*

Building Mar-a-Lago took four years. Throughout it all, Urban was constantly coming up with yet another exotic idea.

"How much is this going to cost, Joseph?" Marjorie would ask crisply.

"Only 60 or 70 thousand, Mrs. Hutton," might well be the reply.

"That's too much, Joseph, I won't pay it." Marjorie's eyes could turn ice-blue.

"But, Mrs. Hutton," Urban's hands would fly up in a gesture of despair, his black eyes pleading, "Eet iss so be-ootiful!"

After a few too many of these sessions Ned called on Marion Wyeth, who hadn't heard from the Huttons since that day at lunch when he had given Joseph Urban the floor plans of Mar-a-Lago from which Urban was to do the elevations. Ned was desperate. He said to Wyeth, "You've got to come back on this job because Joe Urban may be an artist but he's not a practical man. He doesn't know much about plumbing or heating or electricity or

any of the basic things that go into a house." After hearing Ned out, Wyeth agreed to return as co-architect. The major part of his original plan was kept but the outside became pure Urban fantasy.

The extensive use of tile inside and outside the house necessitated the importing of skilled Spanish and Portuguese workmen to set them properly. A tent village quickly sprang up. The carved gold-leaf ceiling in the blue and gold drawing room, a copy of the intricate "Thousand Wing Ceiling" in the Accademia at Venice, meant that specialists in that field must be obtained.

Large stone archways led to the entrance hall, the dining room, the patio, the library and the "Monkey Loggia." A triple arch was reserved for the entrance to a special small loggia which boasted the Great Window, a dramatic, oversize arched window with a sweeping view down the long lawn to the ocean.

Perhaps the most charming room in all of Mar-a-Lago was the bedroom Joseph Urban designed for Deenie. It was pure fairyland. The walls of the oval room were pierced by deep, arched windows through which the sun poured from all sides making the hanging silver lamps placed in each arch sparkle.

From the fireplace, painted rosebushes climbed the walls on either side toward Deenie's bed. The carved and silvered canopy bed had a sculpted nut-eating squirrel on top of each bedpost. The squirrel motif was carried out on the closet doors, with silver handles in the shape of squirrels' tails.

The pinks, silver, creams and pastels made the room an ultra-feminine confection. A specially designed and woven rug was a medieval delight, complete with castle, moat, drawbridge, ladies in flowing robes with peaked hats, and courtiers on horseback. It was a magic room to stir the imagination of any little girl. In fact the whole house might have been a stage set for a very special childhood.

Add marble floors, Aubusson rugs, Roman columns, acres of priceless antiques, glittering crystal chandeliers, carved coats of arms, silk tapestries, gem-encrusted cigarette boxes, lapis lazuli, jade, ivory and silver bibelots sprinkled about and one might have an idea of Mar-a-Lago as it eventually turned out to be.

Seven hundred pots of flowers on the terraces echoed the various colors from the surrounding gardens. Part of

the vast lawn was made into a nine-hole pitch and putt golf course. A tunnel under South Ocean Boulevard led to the Bath and Tennis Club and to Marjorie's swimming pool and cabanas on the beach.

When the house was finally completed in 1927, with every piece of furniture in its proper place, Marjorie and Ned walked through the front door very formally to take over their new domain. A servant standing nearby heard Ned ask, "Well, Marjorie, now that you have your mansion, what are you going to do with it?"

"Why, live in it and enjoy it, naturally," came the happy reply.

Then sourly from Ned: "And who is going to pay all the bills?"

On viewing the completed Mar-a-Lago, Addison Mizner, who had designed most of the other palatial places in Palm Beach, murmured to a friend: "My God. Harry K. Thaw shot the wrong architect."

When she heard about it later, Marjorie was not amused.

When Adelaide's daughter, Marjorie Merriweather Durant, was born in 1928 she became the focal point of both families. An active, elfin creature from her birth, little Marwee, as she was dubbed, was her grandmother's delight. Deenie and Marwee soon became as close as sisters.

As a special treat for her daughter and granddaughter, Marjorie built a dollhouse known as The Deen-Wee. But this was no ordinary dollhouse. A miniature replica of an Elizabethan thatched-roof cottage, it had leaded windows, hand-hewn oak beams, a tiny fireplace, a child-sized piano and furniture, a small kitchen and a small bedroom reached by a narrow, shallow-stepped staircase.

A The Fifth "Hussar"

Almost the minute Mar-a-Lago was completed, Marjorie and Ned started another project — building a magnificent, four-masted bark. Marjorie wanted the biggest and the best, at sea as well as on land. This time she had Ned's approval and cooperation; he was a dedicated yachtsman and thoroughly appreciated beautiful ships.

All Ned Hutton's yachts after his *Lady Baltimore* were called *Hussar*. The newest addition would be the fifth *Hussar* registered in Ned's name.

Marjorie left the exterior plans for the yacht up to Ned. As an expert in that field he was delighted to use all his knowledge for the creation of a yacht-

ing masterpiece. He hired the firm of Cox and Stevens to design her. With a displacement of 2,223 tons and an overall length of 316 feet, she would be the largest, most elaborately fitted private sailing yacht afloat. The *Hussar* was to be built in Germany because the labor there was cheaper and the workmanship precise.

In planning the yacht's interior, Marjorie rented a huge warehouse in Brooklyn. There, the exact dimensions of the new *Hussar* were chalked out on the floor. The floor plans of the different decks housing the family's living quarters were her main concern.

Marjorie studied each room carefully, then began to buy the furnishings according to her careful calculations. Meticulous charts and diagrams were made not only as to the positioning of every piece of furniture, but where lamps were to be bolted down and objects d'art glued into place. It would never do to have priceless vases bouncing about on the high seas.

It was four years before the *Hussar* was ready for fitting out in Bermuda. When Marjorie and Ned arrived to take possession, they found everything done exactly as Marjorie had planned in the Brooklyn warehouse.

The beginning entry in her first *Hussar* scrapbook was: "Saw ship first time from deck of *Monica Bonita* morning of Nov. 30, 1931. She was lying in inner harbor and before we could see her we saw the great masts and yards. Great kick!! She came up to all our expectations."

And no wonder. The main saloon or living room had a beautiful charcoal-burning fireplace with a mantelpiece of intricately carved marble. Above it was a large painting, *The Constitution*, which now hangs in the Naval Academy Museum at Annapolis. Two handsome library tables were flanked by comfortable chairs. Against one wall was a handsome breakfront displaying a collection of scrimshaw. A piano, comfortable chairs, old maps, a mounted sailfish, a lamp made from three dueling pistols, lampshades made from sunfish or iguana skin to give a softer light — each and every object had been fastened into precise position.

A small alcove led to Marjorie's quarters on the starboard side. Ned's quarters were on the port side, which was noisy because all the crews' launches used the port gangway.

Marjorie's stateroom was again done in her favorite Louis XVI furniture, with an Aubusson rug on the deck, a canopied bed, a fireplace and all the

finer touches of a home away from home. A dressing room and pink marble bathroom completed Marjorie's suite.

Each of the other six staterooms was furnished in a different style, from French Empire to American Colonial. Each had its own electric fireplace and bath. It is no exaggeration to say that the staterooms aboard the *Hussar* were as beautiful and comfortable as a suite at the Ritz.

Also aboard the *Hussar* were 40 tons of refrigeration equipment to store 35 tons of frozen food, dairy products and meat. She carried 116,000 gallons of fresh water and 180,000 gallons of fuel oil, giving her a cruising radius of 20,000 miles.

A crew of 82 men cared for the ship and her guests, who were offered such extras as a barbershop, a laundry service and a movie theater.

Secured above the three varnished teak deck houses were port and starboard launches, lifeboats, a whaleboat and a twin-screw fishing boat with its own dinghy, which led one wag to remark: "Even Mrs. Hutton's lifeboats have lifeboats."

The *Hussar* was another dream come true. Marjorie and Ned looked forward to having many glorious trips on her in the future. Neither realized that Ned would enjoy sailing on the *Hussar* for only three more years.

A Canopy Over The Bed

The country was caught in the grip of the Depression just at the time the Huttons were doing their most lavish entertaining. Marjorie told an interviewer that "Big parties are justifiable because they give a good time to a lot of people and work to a lot more." She hired Eddie Cantor to entertain the governor of Rome at a dinner for 80. Similar bashes were thrown for Lady Mountbatten, Mary Pickford and the Ziegfelds, plus most of New York's Socially Registered: the Ogden Reids, the Robert Livingston Clarksons, the George B. Wagstaffs and the Hunter S. Marstons. Will Rogers, a close friend of Ned's, was always a welcome guest.

However, Marjorie's wealth had never insulated her from the needs and aspirations of the average man, especially the working man whom she had been taught to respect and admire by her father. Against all advice she kept the building of Mar-a-Lago going after the Florida speculation-bubble burst in 1926.

To give added employment to the

area, she used local craftsmen. A man named Jim Griffin came to work on the construction of Mar-a-Lago and stayed on to become Marjorie's right-hand man and friend. Jim was tall and rangy with a happy, humorous face that was verified by a ready wit. A man who knew his own worth, Jim stood in awe of no one, least of all Marjorie whom he loved to reduce to helpless fits of laughter with his antics.

In contrast to her regal, patrician appearance, Marjorie had an unexpected appreciation of earthy humor. Many an unsuspecting guest was sent off on a tour of the house with Jim to be solemnly told the history of this and that piece of furniture and art, only to

gering economy. Not one member of her staff was dismissed. The crew of the fourth *Hussar* was retained, needed or not.

Marjorie's fabulous jewels were locked in a safe-deposit box. Money which had been spent on insurance premiums was now directed toward more worthwhile things.

Among them was a soup kitchen large enough to feed 1,000 people a day. It was established in an old church on Tenth Avenue in New York City, and was called the Marjorie Post Hutton Canteen. The Salvation Army agreed to run it for Marjorie according to her rules, the two most important of which were to have large tables where

of Marjorie's activities. He had organized a soup kitchen for men. Neither was it Marjorie's physical activities that bothered Ned. They still cruised on the *Hussar*; they still wintered in Palm Beach at Mar-a-Lago, where Ned had a 24-foot wall constructed to the south to keep out the noise of the Bath and Tennis Club; and they still summered in the Adirondacks. It was the alienation of her mind that upset him. Marjorie was slowly drifting away from the Republican fold. While Ned was issuing statements warning that the election of Franklin Roosevelt as president of the United States would postpone recovery by at least one year, Marjorie was out extolling and finally voting for F.D.R.

The situation was further complicated by Ned's undeniable attraction for other women. They swarmed around him. Ned, who was as body-conscious as Marjorie, always maintained an all-over tan by sunbathing in the nude. He was a healthy, virile sybarite. But he was becoming unhappy with his disintegrating marriage, and there were only too many women around to soothe his wounded ego.

It is always unfortunate when a man begins to feel he is no longer king in his own castle — especially if he doesn't own the castle. Marjorie had become a free-thinking liberal long before women's liberation was heard of. The timing couldn't have been worse as far as their marriage went.

A story in *The New York Times* Sept. 8, 1935, read: "Marjorie P. Hutton Receives A Divorce; Interlocutory decree against Edward F. Hutton is filed with Mineola Court . . . It was learned that Mr. Hutton defended the suit through his attorney . . . He denied charges of infidelity made by his wife."

The divorce proceedings had been acrimonious. But in spite of the emotional strain, Marjorie didn't lose her sense of humor. One of her favorite stories she told only to close friends concerned almost getting caught one night by Ned's detectives after she and her detective had entered a house where they had no right to be. Startled, they both ran through the dark rooms, banging into furniture, and escaped by hurriedly clambering out of a ground-floor window.

While all these marital cloak-and-dagger escapades were going on, Marjorie met a man vacationing in Palm Beach who sympathized with all her difficulties. In spite of her joking, Marjorie had been hurt badly by the breakup of her second marriage. She had



Four generations of Post women: beside Mrs. Post (right) is her eldest daughter Adelaide Close Riggs, whose daughter Marjorie Dye ("Marwee") holds her daughter, Wende Waller Dye.

be asked as they viewed Marjorie's beautifully canopied bed: "Do you know the difference between rich people and poor people?" Slightly startled, the guests would murmur a polite "No," whereupon they were told deadpan: "Well, the rich have their canopy over the bed."

General Foods was one of the few corporations not adversely affected by the Depression. People have to eat, and cereals, being very nourishing and fairly cheap, were in demand. The continued popularity of the old standbys like Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Instant Postum, Post's 40% Bran Flakes and Ned's new acquisitions such as Jell-O and Birdseye meant that Marjorie's income was not curtailed at all.

Marjorie became determined to do whatever she could to jack up the stag-

families could eat together, and not to force women and children to stand in line with dirty, unkempt men. Since Marjorie felt that social amenities such as tablecloths encouraged a sense of personal dignity, her soup kitchen became very popular. She always had her car parked two blocks away before she visited; then she made her way to the canteen on foot — a delicate social nicety that spared her any resentment.

Politics Makes Estranged Bedfellows

As Marjorie's social conscience was deepening, she found herself changing imperceptibly from an automatic, conservative Republican to an ardent, activist Democrat. Inevitably this change began to affect her marriage.

It was not that Ned disapproved

been very much in love with Ned Hutton, so Joe Davies' real concern was a welcome balm to her tangled emotions. Any woman, even one as beautiful, rich and intelligent as Marjorie Hutton, has a vulnerable inner core which needs propping up in times of stress and unhappiness. She had found just the man for the job.

Joseph E. Davies was born on Nov. 29, 1876, in Watertown, Wis. An international lawyer by profession, he had been very active in the Democratic Party for more than a quarter of a century. After serving as chairman of the Western Headquarters for Woodrow Wilson's campaign in 1912, the newly elected President Wilson appointed him U.S. Commissioner of Corporations. Davies also served as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission until 1916, and was an ex officio member of the War Industries Board. He then went with Wilson to Versailles as an economic advisor.

To all these jobs Joe Davies brought a verve and know-how that piled success on success. His energetic determination, which some people considered brashness, got things done swiftly and efficiently, mashing a few toes in the process but also making him the fair-haired boy around Washington.

The fact that Marjorie was now a dedicated Democrat created a bond between them that grew stronger as they saw more of each other. Marjorie was given a glimpse into a world that fascinated her: the higher echelons of politics and international diplomacy.

Up until now Marjorie's world had been that of high society, very high society. Her forays into public service had made her aware of the limitations of a purely social life and had also planted a seed of discontent. Now appeared a chance to try her very capable wings in a new arena.

This plus the fact that Joe Davies was a very masculine, attractive man who was obviously falling in love with her began to kindle a like response in Marjorie. But she countered a reporter's suggestion that there might be a romance brewing with the flat statement: "Mr. Davies is handling a tax case for me."

Marjorie had received her divorce decree on Sept. 8; on Sept. 24, Davies received his.

By Nov. 9, Ned Hutton had transferred the title of the *Hussar* to Marjorie. She promptly registered her under a new name, *Sea Cloud*, and sent her down to Bermuda.

Next month *The New York Times*

headlines read: "E. F. Hutton Quits General Foods Post — Chairman of the Board Since April, 1923, Will Continue as a Director." In the interview, Ned claimed to have been in poor health and said he had contemplated resigning "when the evidence was sufficiently clear that the Depression was subsiding." The real cause was the impending marriage of Marjorie five days later.

So it was with the receding wail of the Depression full in the country's ears that Marjorie started a new, exciting chapter of her life.

M*Mrs. Stotesbury's Stamp Of Approval*
Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton and Joseph E. Davies were married Dec. 15, 1935, at Marjorie's apartment in New York by the Rev. Clarence W. Pinkney of the First Congregational Church of Watertown, Wis. Marjorie's uncle, Carroll L. Post, gave her away. *The New York Times* wrote: "Only relatives and close friends had been invited to the ceremony and the reception that followed," then proceeded to list 80 of the most important, including Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baruch, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Wagstaff, Edward T. Stotesbury, Attorney General and Mrs. Homer Cummings, Stephen T. Early, secretary to the President, plus dozens more social and political powers from New York and Washington.

The press was beginning to snipe a bit at Marjorie. In their book *Let Them Eat Caviar*, George Abell and Evelyn Gordon took great delight in describing the wedding thusly:

"The 70-room apartment, including two ballrooms, was redecorated in pink for the occasion. Walls were hung with pink satin. Pale pink flowers costing \$4,000 were dyed a deeper hue to match the bride's pink velvet gown with its ten-foot train and white fox trimming.

"Two chefs had worked for a week over the gooey pink wedding cake that measured five feet across and had six tiers of icing. Add to this extravaganza 40 musicians, plus a choir, magnums of champagne, unbelievable diamonds, and a wedding trip on the bride's yacht the *Sea Cloud*, and you have a picture to stagger the imagination."

On returning from their Caribbean honeymoon, the Davies' settled into Mar-a-Lago for the season. The first person to give a party for them was Mrs. Edward Stotesbury, the leader of

Palm Beach society. She wanted to put her stamp of approval on the marriage to help Marjorie combat the anti-Joe feeling that Ned Hutton had been stirring up. He was still bitter. But not too bitter for a small joke at Marjorie's expense.

Deenie describes the scene: "Mother had just been married to Joe Davies, and of course my father lived down in Palm Beach too. As you know we had a tunnel under the road and a back entrance to the Bath and Tennis Club. Mother and I were swimming in the pool. In those days she always wore specially designed bathing suits that had high necks, long sleeves, bare mid-ribs and long skirts. With these Mother also wore white gloves, a bathing cap topped by a large sun hat, and dark glasses. And lots of sun cream. This was because of her delicate skin; she was a redhead basically, and she freckled. Mother always did the breaststroke very gently and held her head well out of the water, and it was my utterly fiendish delight to jump in right in front of her and splash her and get her all wet.

"So one day while we were paddling around the pool, Joe Davies came from our side of the Bath and Tennis to the edge of the pool, and my father came up from the beach side. They looked at one another, they looked at Mother, and in chorus said, 'Good morning, Marjorie.' She went right under the water to the bottom of the pool!"

Life in Palm Beach soon settled into its usual routine, with Marjorie entertaining and being entertained in return. Joe spent most of his time either reading or writing, but would join in Marjorie's festivities with good humor. Then came spring and it was back North once again.

Marjorie and her new husband were blissfully happy. Washington, where they lived in an apartment at the Shoreham Hotel, was vibrating with election-year excitement. Joe became chairman of the Executive Advisory Committee of the Democratic National Campaign Committee. Joe's friends were either politicians, industrialists or financiers, men of accomplishment whom Marjorie found both compatible and intellectually stimulating. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was Joe's most successful political friend.

Marjorie had made a large donation to the Democratic campaign, so neither she nor Joe was surprised when a call came from the President inviting Joe to lunch at the White House.

Over lunch served on Roosevelt's desk, the President told Joe he wanted to discuss a diplomatic appointment. Where would Joe like to go?

Joe replied, "Either to Germany or Russia."

Roosevelt said the post in Germany was not open at the time but that it would be soon, as Ambassador Dodd was planning to resign. Therefore, Joe would go to Russia first but was to be prepared for a transfer to Berlin within the year. Since Davies spoke German he would be a great asset in that post; and as Roosevelt pointed out, an even greater asset after having served in Russia. Roosevelt rightly surmised that Russia would be a vital factor in determining war or peace in Europe.

A Capitalist In Russia

On Nov. 16, 1936, President Roosevelt issued a commission to Joseph E. Davies as the ambassador of the United States to the U.S.S.R.

Marjorie began to shop elaborately to prepare for the sojourn in Russia. Her list included 2,000 pints of frozen cream. The American papers and the Russians both made much of this, causing Heywood Broun to purr in his feline fashion, "Perhaps the ambassador has a cat!" The press failed to say that all foreign embassies in Moscow imported their dairy products and vegetables from Finland and Sweden.

Completely undeterred by cheap shots from the columnists, Marjorie continued with her list: 25 store-size freezer chests to hold all the meats, fish, vegetables and fruits that General Foods had specially packaged and frozen for her; hundreds of cases of bottled water; five or six sets of bathroom fixtures — tubs, basins, etc., to replace the antiquated ones at Spazzo House, the American Embassy residence in Moscow; 60 aluminum pots and pans; 100 stainless steel knives; 25 refrigerators; 68 dozen dish towels; and a special electric mixer that could make mayonnaise, grind coffee, whip cream and chop meat.

Deenie was anxious to go along, but her mother was adamantly against it. Russia was too full of mysterious germs to take a chance on Deenie's health.

The Davies' first Christmas together was a test run for Joe. Deenie was not the only daughter who had inherited her mother's sense of humor. Adelaide and particularly Eleanor shared it too. None of the three cared overly much for "Joe-Joe" as they called him behind his back. They

couldn't resist fixing up a special Christmas present to put under the tree.

On Christmas morning the whole family settled around the enormous tree and began passing out the presents. The girls held their breath as their mother happily tore open a package and pulled out a pair of silk panties with a padlock on them. With a whoop she read the card: "Dear Marjorie, a very Merry Christmas, Love, Grover," and collapsed in laughter.

Joe's black eyes snapped in anger, only making her laugh the harder. Grover Whalen had been a beau of Marjorie's before she had married Joe Davies. Joe was not amused.

The trip over to Bremen on the *Europa* was a welcome period of relaxation after the whirlwind of last-minute preparations and parties. Marjorie and Joe stopped off in Berlin for a few days while the staff went on to Moscow to get Spazzo House ready. Spazzo House was a large, four-square house constructed by a rich Russian merchant prior to World War I.

When they finally arrived in Moscow on Jan. 19, the Davies' party of 10 was greeted at the railway station by Vladimir N. Barkoff, chief of protocol in the Soviet Foreign Office. Most of Moscow's 50 American residents were also on hand to meet their new ambassador and ambassadress. Rumors had been flying for weeks in the small, insular diplomatic community ever since great boxes of indoor plumbing had arrived to be stacked on the back lawn of Spazzo House. The American community wouldn't have missed the arrival for anything.

Joe and Marjorie started their round of official calls. The Chinese, German, Persian and British embassies were visited in one morning.

But what Marjorie found even more exciting were her visits to the Commission shops: state-run stores where the confiscated effects of the exiled White Russians and artifacts of the banned churches were for sale. There were bargains galore. Beautiful silk brocade draperies sold for 25 cents per pound. Silver objects, even beautiful antique chalices, sold for 75 cents per pound.

At one point Joe found Marjorie in a back room rummaging under a table on her hands and knees. Dust and dirt were everywhere and the ambassadress had managed to collect quite a bit of it on her usually impeccable self.

"Marjorie," he said, shocked, "what are you doing?"

"Oh shut up," she retorted from under the table, "and give me a hand.

There are some real treasures down here. At least I think these are. They're so black I can't tell."

The ambassador laughed. "Have you taken a good look at yourself lately?"

Marjorie's first diplomatic coup was an invitation to luncheon with Madame Molotov, wife of the Soviet premier. Marjorie was pleased, especially as "hen" luncheons were practically unheard of in the Soviet Union. The newspapers featured it, and Joe asked Marjorie to write a full account for his dispatches.

After a few months in Moscow, the Davies' returned to America for a visit. They were both very, very happy. They had appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine on March 15, with a favorable account of their Russian stay. They were sailing home on the *Queen Mary* to see the rest of the family. They were in good health and spirits, and there was the coronation of George VI to look forward to in May.

This period was one of the most exciting and rewarding times in Marjorie's life. She was now on intimate terms with the history-makers of the time, and aware that she was adding a few footnotes of her own. Familiar faces at her dinner table were Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles, Henry Morgenthau, Steve Early, Harry Hopkins, Jesse Jones, Charles Lindbergh. The list was endless and fascinating. What Marjorie didn't like was having to endure some of Joe's "old pol" friends whom she referred to scornfully as "political hacks." But endure them she did for her husband's sake.

She and Joe were so much in love that even a few hours apart would upset them both. As Marjorie was fond of saying, "I would follow that pair of beautiful black eyes to the end of the world." When Joe was away he sent countless telegrams to Marjorie signed Wam Hilly, an acronym formed from "With all my heart I love lovely you." On the dance floor he would kiss Marjorie, saying "My beloved."

Gifts were showered on Marjorie, who was more accustomed to being the donor rather than the receiver. All this love and affection from her high-powered, brilliant husband accented the excitement and satisfaction of a glamorous international life.

A Secret Mission For F.D.R.

While Marjorie visited family and friends and supervised packing for the return trip to Russia, Joe had lunch

with the President. Roosevelt felt a European war seemed likely and asked Joe to visit all the countries adjacent to the Soviet Union. By traveling on board the *Sea Cloud* the trip would look innocent.

After arriving in Leningrad, the Davies' started their tour of the Baltic countries. The itinerary pleased them all: first Helsinki, Finland; then Stockholm, Sweden; Kiel, Hamburg and Swinemunde in Germany; then Danzig, Poland; Memel, Lithuania; Riga, Latvia; and a final visit to Tallinn and Narva in Estonia before returning to Leningrad. But the Davies' trip only strengthened the feeling that war was inevitable.

Joe's next appointment was as ambassador to Belgium, not Germany. The situation had gone too far there. By going to Belgium Joe could be F.D.R.'s listening post in a sensitive spot in Europe.

Marjorie began packing and moving in two directions — furniture and part of the staff to Brussels; Joe, herself, personal staff and accoutrements back to the States for a brief visit. Adelaide had planned a debutante party for Deenie.

Newspaper accounts were glowing: "Although the debutantes have taken over Long Island for the current week, at least one sub-deb has had a party of her own. Nedenia Hutton, 14-year-old daughter of Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, and several other girls and boys of her own age had themselves a time the night before last at the Piping Rock Club on Long Island. Nedenia gives promise of looking like her handsome mother.

"During the past two winters Nedenia has been a student at that swank Mt. Vernon School in Washington, D.C. Present plans call for her return there in the autumn. Someday this young girl will share with her two half-sisters, Eleanor Rand and Mrs. John Merrill MacNeillie, the tremendous Post-Toasties fortune. It was Mrs. MacNeillie who gave the small dinner-dance at the Piping Rock Club for Nedenia."

Years later one of the other girls at the dance described the effect Deenie created when she entered. "There we all were, dolled up in our sweet little dresses, hair brushed and shining, nervous and unsure of ourselves. And then in came Deenie. She looked fabulous. As I remember it, Deenie had on a white dress with its full skirt all edged in ostrich feathers. We became instant wallflowers as all the boys flocked around her. But you couldn't be

mad because she was so darn nice."

The Davies' and Deenie sailed for Europe on the *Queen Mary* July 6, 1938. A new adventure was starting and this time Deenie could share it with her mother. There were no dangerous germs lurking in Belgium.

Joe had been named minister to Luxembourg simultaneously with being named ambassador to Belgium, so Marjorie had two embassy residences and two social lives to manage.

The Davies' were an immediate hit with Belgium's royal family. King Leopold and Queen Astrid had three children, and Deenie was enchanted with them all. But it was the "Luxies," as the Davies' called the grand ducal family of Luxembourg, that Deenie really adored. The "Luxies" were a large family, the Grand Duke and Duchess and five children.

For the first time in her life Deenie was allowed to decorate her own room at the embassy in Brussels. In typical teenage rebellion against the myriad antiques that had surrounded her since childhood, Deenie opted for bleached Danish modern. There was never a murmur from Marjorie as Deenie ordered her stark, basic furnishings. It may have looked like a dentist's waiting room, but Deenie was happy because it was her very own.

"What A Trial Those Germans Are"

There was only too little time to enjoy Brussels before the threat of war became real. Hitler wanted the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia and would not be denied. Marjorie and the girls listened to der Fuehrer on the radio while Joe translated the bombastic speeches.

Marjorie called the latter part of September "hectic days indeed!" Every day they saw great activity on the German side of the river, while Luxembourg was "calm, peaceful and sweet." Then, in typical Marjorie fashion: "What a trial those Germans are, saber rattling and the like."

But it was Deenie who felt the tension the most. She remembers clearly her feelings at age 14: "The world situation was frightening. I kept saying, 'Mommy, you don't want your little girl to be bombed. Let me go home because I miss my father and my friends.' I really wanted to go home in the worst way, so she finally weakened."

By January 1940, Joe had been recalled from Belgium — much to Marjorie's relief — and had accepted the post of Special Assistant to the Secre-

tary of State in charge of War Emergency Problems and Policies.

The Davies' decided to settle in Washington. Joe had his eye on a red brick house known as "Tregaron." Once she saw it Marjorie agreed to buy it. Situated on a hilltop, its land adjoined that of the Chinese embassy. It was in a lovely, secluded part of Washington. However Marjorie didn't look carefully when she signed the deed — a lapse she regretted bitterly later on.

Before Easter Marjorie had told Deenie to bring down as many friends as she liked to Palm Beach for the holiday, the number limited only by the sleeping space. Ten seemed a workable number to Deenie so she started with four of her girl friends, then asked her beau of the moment, Frank Trudeau, to help her with the list of boys. Frank was a sophomore at Yale and his roommate was a peppy, dashing young man named Stanley Rumbough. Stan was first on the list.

They all met at Grand Central Station to board Marjorie's private railroad car for the overnight trip to Florida.

Stan says about that first meeting with his future mother-in-law: "Naturally, to a young man, she was most impressive. I remember her as being very warm and friendly if you were willing to be warm and friendly with her. On the other hand there were some things she disliked intensely. One of them was a person who shook hands with her too hard. If her hands were hurt by shaking hands with a person she didn't mind telling him he should learn how to shake hands properly."

Deenie had decided to become an actress the year before and had gotten a job in summer stock using the name Dina Merrill. She didn't want to capitalize on her family name which had become rather notorious after the publicity about her cousin Barbara's romances. She wanted to make it on her own. So Deenie chose her brother-in-law's first name for her last — Merrill, using an "i" instead of the "a" in Merrill.

Marjorie wasn't all that thrilled about Deenie's choice of a career. As Deenie says: "She was always of the theory that you should try and do what you wanted to do. But she said she had no hopes for me at all. Obviously I was going to fall flat on my face, but she felt I'd better learn it myself, the hard way. So I did. And every time I came back I'd say, 'Mother, I've got a new job.' 'You have!' she'd say. 'Where?' I think in the end she was proud of me,

but she didn't approve of it, particularly as a profession."

The onset of the Second World War temporarily turned Deenie's interests in another direction.

She announced that she wanted to work in a hospital; but Marjorie said no, she could work in the motor corps but not in a hospital. So Deenie joined the motor corps and taught first aid on the side. Finally Marjorie relented and Deenie was allowed to do nurse's aid work in Washington.

Marjorie meanwhile threw herself into raising money for the Red Cross. She also supported the refugee relief programs, especially for her beloved Belgians, and rolled bandages with the girls.

One day she mentioned to Deenie that since she had no son to send to war she might offer the *Sea Cloud* to the U.S. Navy for the duration. Deenie thought that it was a marvelous idea. So did the Navy. Marjorie promptly turned "the last of the clipper ships," as she was to call her, over to the Navy for \$1 a year. The conversion from a luxurious yacht to a warship began.

Washington during the war was full of exciting people, and Marjorie, as one of the reigning hostesses, met and entertained most of them. In addition to all the top figures in diplomacy and politics, Generals Marshall, Bradley, McAuliffe and Eisenhower became good friends of the Davies'.

Marjorie's earlier ambitions "to show them" had been fully realized. She was now one of the best-known social figures in the United States and the world. Only a handful of old Washington "cliff dwellers" had stubbornly refused to accept her.

As the war wore on, Deenie began touring the Pacific with the USO in a production of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. She had finally persuaded Marjorie to allow her to leave by saying, "Mommy, you have no son, at least let your daughter go." Reluctantly Marjorie did.

Deenie had a wonderful time, but as she says, "Mother in her own inimitable fashion tracked us down wherever we were."

One time Marjorie asked Sen. Millard Tydings, Joe's son-in-law who was chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, to take Deenie a package. Tydings was going on an inspection tour of the Mariannas. As Deenie was on Saipan, the senator entrusted the precious package to a naval commander to deliver via a special Navy airplane.

After receiving the mysterious parcel, Deenie opened it — "And sure enough, dear Mom had sent me two rolls of toilet paper, which she was sure I didn't have out there, a box of Kleenex and a girdle. With the girdle came a note: 'Do tell those fool jeep drivers not to drive too fast, and wear this because it will bounce your insides out if you don't.'"

After the war, Marjorie's life re-



Husband number four: Herbert A. May, with Marjorie at the Everglades Club in 1963.

turned to a happy cadence. Her various estates were back in shape after the stringent wartime years. And Deenie had decided to marry Stanley Rumbough. Stan was back in civilian life after serving as a pilot in the Marine Corps. Marjorie threw herself into the nuptial plans with enthusiasm.

Marjorie was pleased about her youngest daughter's choice of a husband. Stan had always impressed her as something more than a handsome, likeable young man. His graduation from Yale in 1942 and his plans for studying at the N.Y.U. School of Business Administration appealed to Marjorie's sense of what a vigorous younger generation should be doing. She once made Deenie study typing in case she ever

needed it under the same principle — if one is prepared, one can cope.

The highlight of the year, aside from Deenie's marriage, was the return of the *Sea Cloud*. Marjorie started a new log ecstatically with the notation: "Red Letter Day. June 4, 1946 — Our beloved *Sea Cloud* coming home to her family after her time of duty for the war."

A Washington newspaper captioned a photo of the wartime *Sea Cloud*: "A gallant fighting lady comes back to home waters in need of a facial." Marjorie was dismayed to see her ship in such sad condition, but she mentioned lightly that the *Sea Cloud* "still showed a few of the scars of wars — so different without the great towering masts and rigging. Also such a short nose. (The Navy had removed the gilded eagle figurehead that had won a prize in the 1937 Paris Exhibition.) Inside she is all just the same. Everything from storage went right back into place. It's hard to believe all she has lived through as one looks around."

Marjorie carried on her charitable and philanthropic activities into the postwar era of peace and plenty. She enjoyed raising money. And with sources including the Rockefellers, Phipps', Guests, Munns, Donahues, Freylinghuysens, Dodges, Brokaws, Crockers and Amorys, she had a good base.

Hugh Dillman, then president of Palm Beach's Everglades Club, talked Marjorie into being chairman of a ball benefiting Good Samaritan Hospital. She did such a bang-up job, raising \$176,000 in one evening (at a "Chinese auction," Joseph P. Kennedy paid \$65,000 for a Cadillac and Mrs. Horace Dodge paid \$15,000 for a station wagon) that she was asked to head countless fund-raising committees. The Red Cross and Good Samaritan Hospital remained her favorites, along with the Animal Rescue League.

These were among the last happy days of Marjorie's marriage to Joe. The close emotional bonds that had existed between them would deteriorate gradually.

A major factor in their estrangement was Joe's personality change. For some time he had suffered from hardening of the arteries. Now he became irritable and testy. His temper began to flare over trifles. Marjorie, whose temperament was even and controlled, found his outbursts more and more difficult to cope with. She threw herself into charity work, entertained constantly wherever she was, gathered her family

about her as often as possible and put on a good front.

Marjorie and Joe attended their second coronation in 1953 when Queen Elizabeth II was crowned. They spent the summer in England. Lady Clifford had assured her neighbor, the Duke of Sutherland, that Marjorie would be a very reliable tenant, so for the first time in his life the duke allowed his fabulous Sutton Place to be rented.

Marjorie was even more than the perfect tenant. Inadvertently she helped her ducal landlord realize a great profit on the old family manse. J. Paul Getty came to lunch with the Davies', liked Sutton Place and eventually bought it.

An Acrimonious Divorce

Increasingly, Joe's behavior became more erratic. Just before he and Marjorie were about to depart on one of their trips to Europe, Joe disappeared. Marjorie was frantic. The search began. Joe was finally located in a hospital where he had signed himself in. No one quite knew why.

This divorce was even more acrimonious than Marjorie's divorce from Ned Hutton. According to friends, Marjorie had had Joe's valet in her pay as a spy after the marriage started to fail.

Having settled a pre-nuptial agreement setting up a trust that gave Joe an income of \$143,000 a year for life, Marjorie was horrified to find out that Tregaron, her Washington home, was in Joe's name and not hers. Furthermore, Joe flatly refused to sell her the house. So Marjorie arranged for her extensive collection of Russian artifacts to be removed from Tregaron and put in storage. She then went to Reno to get a divorce.

Before her divorce Marjorie had heard of another Washington house coming onto the market. She thought it might be even more suitable than Tregaron for the museum she planned to create for her collection of furniture, porcelains, crystal and particularly her superb Russian chalices, icons and artifacts. "Arbremont" was situated in the center of 24 acres overlooking Rock Creek Park, with a breathtaking view of the Washington Monument six miles away.

At first, Marjorie was dubious about the house. It was a late Georgian design with a flat roof edged with a balustrade. The ceilings were too low for Marjorie's favorite tapestries and paintings. After her architect suggested raising the roof, adding dormer win-

dows, enlarging the dining room and adding a breakfast room, among other changes, Marjorie started serious negotiations. They had to be delicately handled because by then Marjorie was heading West for her divorce and she wanted no publicity.

The social columnist, Betty Beale, had heard rumors of the sale, and cleverly concocted a statement that would both protect Marjorie and keep her own journalistic integrity intact. Betty announced in her column that when the purchaser of Arbremont was announced it would be a name "unfamiliar" to Washington D.C. This was a half-truth. Marjorie planned to resume using her maiden name. Thus it was as Mrs. Merriweather Post that Marjorie returned to Washington to begin designing her museum, the capstone of her life.

On her return to Washington, Marjorie resumed her busy schedule. As one of her friends, George Williams, said, "Marjorie Post's life was comparable to the spokes of a wheel. Her varied interests seemed to go in all directions: finance, performing arts, philanthropy, children, husbands, estates, etc."

There were plenty of elegant escorts in Marjorie's circle of friends to keep the wheel revolving without the missing spoke: Fred Korth, an ex-secretary of the Navy; Jack Logan; the personable industrialist Herbert May; and George Williams, among others. Then there were visiting firemen such as Serge Obolensky or his friend, gem expert Count Vasily Adlerberg. Vasily always alerted Marjorie about Harry Winston's special jewels. Sometimes Michael Paul flew in from Palm Beach. Marjorie vowed she would never marry again.

She plunged into plans for her "Hillwood," as she had renamed Arbremont, with happy enthusiasm. Every change was deliberately designed to create a perfect living museum for her vast collection.

Just as Hillwood was nearing completion negotiations were started for the sale of the *Sea Cloud* to Dominican Republic dictator Rafael Trujillo. He had yearned for the ship since having lunch aboard during the Davies' honeymoon. As Marjorie once stated, even her pocketbook had limitations — and the *Sea Cloud* was a very expensive luxury.

Included in Marjorie's busy life was a new passion, square dancing. It all started when George Williams gave a dinner party and took his guests to join an informal square dance group af-

terwards. Marjorie loved it. When she was told it provided for the muscle toning for the whole body and combated arthritis, square dancing became an integral part of her regime. Now twice a week there were dinners for eight — the magic number to make a square for the lively country pastime. Willy-nilly, like it or not, Marjorie's friends began learning how to "do-si-do" and "allemmande left."

Marjorie fell in love again. Ever the incurable romantic, Marjorie was sure that this time she had found the man who would be a perfect husband — devoted, loving, kind and thoughtful. And in truth, Herbert May seemed to fill all these qualifications. A tall, handsome widower from Pittsburgh, May was a senior vice-president and director of the Westinghouse Airbrake Co. A warm, affable personality had made him well-liked by the Washington community. May was often described as the typical club man — hair well groomed, pink, healthy cheeks, nails buffed and polished, suits impeccably tailored, and posture erect and easy. He was a vigorous 65.

Marjorie kept her romance hush-hush because of her pledge never to marry again. Finally at a dinner given by Romanian friends she announced her wedding plans to George Williams. The wedding was to be a small, secret one at Adelaide's house in the country. Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark would perform the ceremony.

Somehow, though, the plans leaked to the press, and the gossip columnists had a field day. When asked her opinion, Alice Roosevelt Longworth murmured, "Oh my, I can't possibly keep up with all the husbands' names. I just call her 'Miss Post Toasties' and let it go at that."

Just a few weeks before Marjorie's marriage to Herb May, Joe Davies died of bronchial pneumonia following a cerebral hemorrhage. He died at Tregaron where he lived after the divorce.

Joe's life had ended at 81, while Marjorie was starting a whole new life at 71. Beautiful, vital, energetic and optimistic, she looked forward to settling down once again.

Square Dancing On Thursday

The first years of Marjorie's marriage to Herb May were indeed happy ones. He was attentive and adoring and endlessly thoughtful. At parties he would always lean over and identify the people whose names had eluded Marjorie. He also kept a weather-eye on

the guests to see that they were having a good time.

It was Herb who persuaded Marjorie to purchase a Viscount 786 for traveling. A jet airplane with 6,400 horsepower produced by four Rolls-Royce turbines, it was a beauty. Marjorie had never flown before, but took to it immediately. The plane was stripped down and accommodations for 16 — comfortable divans and overstuffed swivel chairs — were installed in lovely shades of blue and gray. The plane was named the "Merriweather" and became an indispensable part of Marjorie's life. The Merriweather was maintained at Friendship Airport in Baltimore, Md., with three pilots on call to take off for Palm Beach, Hot Springs, New York, the Bahamas, Pittsburgh or the Adirondacks at a minute's notice.

Marjorie's hearing had been failing, but she rejected Adelaide's and Deenie's efforts to encourage her to wear a hearing aid. She didn't want to study lip-reading either. That would be admitting defeat. However she did become adept at understanding most of what people said.

At this time Marjorie took on several new projects. An important one was her involvement with the Boy Scouts of America. She helped them so much with their annual operating campaign the grateful organization had a special bronze plaque cast in her honor.

Helping the young had always been a passion, and Marjorie found yet another outlet for her deep concern — the National Symphony Orchestra. The symphony board agreed to hold a series of summer concerts for children to help them develop early an appreciation of fine music. Marjorie became one of the largest contributors.

Herb was a great encourager of all Marjorie's projects. He supported her when she let herself be talked into keeping the American Ballet Theater alive for one more year. It was an expensive failure.

Herb also shared Marjorie's enthusiasm for square dancing. He suggested building a pavilion at Mar-a-Lago large enough to use for a theater, for square dances and for charitable receptions. So her trusty architect and now next-door neighbor Marion Sims Wyeth designed a classic building with French doors leading out to colonnaded verandas. Marjorie chose shades of lavender for the decor. The new pavilion proved exactly right for all the different sorts of entertainment that Marjorie liked.

Betty McMahon of Palm Beach describes a typical square dance. "Guests were always invited every Thursday. The amazing thing was that you would see a completely different group of people than you saw at most Palm Beach parties. There were a couple of judges, doctors — you know, professional people. Sometimes you would see visitors like the Maharaja of Barota and all sorts of interesting people. Always some of her children, grandchildren and other young people were included.

"It started promptly at 7. She was



Nedenia "Deenie" Hutton Robertson and her husband Cliff at a Palm Beach party, 1973.

always in the receiving line. Maybe one cocktail would be served at the reception, and then we'd go in to this wonderful dinner. Beautiful roast beef, mashed potatoes — everything was very simple but done well. Jell-O and cakes were served for dessert — General Foods products, of course.

"After dinner we would all go into the ballroom. Mrs. Post hired all these pros to push us around the floor, which was fun. I wouldn't know what to do but she made it so easy. She loved people who danced. You could sit on the sidelines if you were tired, but she would always invite people back who danced. She noticed everything. Sometimes she would dance with one of the instructors. She was so graceful; she always held her head high, like a ballerina. It was a thrill to watch her.

"At 10:30 or 11 they would play some good-night song. We all held hands and circled back and forth, and then said good night to everyone. It was a very special evening."

Herb's pavilion also came in handy for a very special bash that Marjorie gave in honor of the Duke and

Duchess of Windsor. It was a screening of the movie *A King's Story* which was based on the duke's life. The special showing was an opening-gun benefit to raise funds for a proposed performing arts center. The presence of the royal couple ensured a solid turnout.

Therese Anderson sat in back of the duke and duchess during the film. As she says, "It was so touching. He held her hand, and when they said 'We wonder how he feels now,' he reached over and kissed her on the cheek. I thought that was the sweetest thing."

A party at Mar-a-Lago Molly Thayer helped arrange was a luncheon for King Saud of Saudi Arabia. Molly was an old pal of His Majesty's and had a special permanent visa to that country.

A 38 Glasses Of Milk

As Molly says, "The luncheon was great except one Palm Beacher arrived drunk; and since the king never drank liquor, it was a terrible scandal. In the middle of lunch the king got up and said he wanted to drink to the health of everybody but as he never drank alcohol, he wondered if they could do it with milk. There were 38 at lunch and 38 glasses of milk arrived. Somebody said to me it was the only house in the world that could produce 38 glasses of milk."

Wherever she was, Marjorie's gardens were one of her prime delights. Jim Griffin would show her maps of each garden to plan the seasonal plantings.

She loved her topiary so fiercely that she rarely, if ever, owned a male dog. Females had her stamp of approval. At Hillwood she had a dog cemetery where each of her canine friends was buried under an appropriate headstone.

Herb continued to be his thoughtful, pleasant self even as his health began to fail. It seemed the repeat of a dreadful nightmare to Marjorie. She took Herb from clinic to clinic, but it was no use. Considering Marjorie's aversion to coping with sick people on a day-to-day basis, and the fact that she was older than Herb and still felt well, her sympathy soon faded. "Mind over matter," the Christian Science doctrine, had been instilled too deeply. Paradoxically, she was always empathetic with any friend who was stricken.

In any event, the marriage was doomed. Wild rumors flew around as to the reason for the divorce. But as one

friend said, "I just think that Marjorie was bored to death." Marjorie took another oath never to marry again and resumed her maiden name for the last time in 1964.

Deenie's marriage to Stan Rumbough came to a friendly conclusion soon after. They had been separated for three or four years prior to that. Deenie then married the handsome actor Cliff Robertson, and a year later Stan married Margaretha Wagstrom Shribnik. After his marriage Stan was pleased to receive a letter of congratulations from Marjorie signed "Your mother-in-law."

Stan describes what happened next. "Then Mrs. Post arranged a luncheon in Palm Beach through my children. She wanted very much to meet my new wife. She spent the whole luncheon having an absolutely wonderful time. They discussed all kinds of things and got along famously. Subsequently my new wife saw her many times."

Marjorie's 80th birthday was a very special occasion. George Williams got together a group of devoted friends to give a party for Marjorie at Washington's Sulgrave Club. The arrangement committee was selected. They worked on details such as the food, decorations, guest list and a gift for Marjorie which Eleanor Barzin started searching for in Paris and Rome. Eleanor, no mean collector herself, found exactly the right thing in London: a pair of candelabra in lapis lazuli and ormolu that had originally come from the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Truly imperial in design, with six candle holders held aloft by Victory on a globe at the top, they had come on the market in 1928 when the Soviets sold the finest Russian artifacts at an auction in Berlin.

Since Marjorie had given Hillwood to the Smithsonian Institution in 1969 to be used as a museum after her death, it was arranged that the candelabra would be given to the Smithsonian. Dillion Ripley, its director, would then present them to Marjorie on behalf of the Institution, with instructions that they be placed in Hillwood.

Three years later her attorney Henry Dudley and her secretary Margaret Voight arranged another birthday party at Mar-a-Lago. Guests were flown down on the Merriweather. This time her friends carried all their birthday messages on large placards, as Marjorie's hearing had deteriorated to almost zero. Her favorite escort now was Fred Korth, an elegant widower whose voice had just the right timbre to pierce

the nearly silent world in which Marjorie lived.

The beginning of the end came on a Caribbean cruise aboard the *Gripsholm*. Marjorie had taken a group of friends with her when suddenly in the middle of the trip she became ill. The Merriweather was flown immediately to the nearest port to pick her up and fly her home.

She never fully recovered her health. Margaret Voight would arrange little dinners of four so Marjorie could enter into the conversation. Towards

A House Without a Home

Today, 14 maintenance men are the only regular visitors to the 115-room oceanfront estate, Mar-a-Lago. As the United States Congress deliberates the mansion's fate, Mrs. Post's former Palm Beach home lies shuttered, its furniture shrouded in white sheets, its grounds kept immaculate by an attentive staff.

By the terms of Mrs. Post's will, the mansion was left to the U.S. Department of the Interior for use as a retreat for presidents and foreign dignitaries. But Secret Service officials decided the 17-acre estate could not be properly secured.

This year, Congress voted to eliminate the annual \$48,000 in federal funds that supplemented the \$180,000 yearly endowment Mrs. Post left to maintain Mar-a-Lago. A bill providing for the return of the estate to the Post Foundation, sponsored by U.S. Rep. Paul Rogers of West Palm Beach, is presently stalled in subcommittee hearings, and is not expected to be voted upon until early 1978.

Town of Palm Beach officials are anxious to see the property back on the local tax rolls. And, they claim, there are at least two persons interested in buying the estate from the Post Foundation for their personal use.

the end she was in a wheelchair but still indomitable, the spirit fiery and striving. Only her closest friends saw her now.

Deenie, seeing her mother's engagement book filled in for a year ahead, remained optimistic in one part of her mind while another part reluctantly admitted the inevitable.

Tragedy struck five days before Marjorie's death. Deenie's 23-year-old son David was out in his high-powered motorboat when it spun out of control,

throwing him overboard. David was probably knocked unconscious because though an excellent swimmer, he drowned. The family was numb with grief.

Marjorie was never told of her grandson's tragic death. Deenie had to bear the horrendous blow without her mother's support. Then, while still in shock, Deenie lost her mother forever.

Marjorie Merriweather Post died on the 12th of September, 1973, at the age of 86. A simple Christian Science service was held in the afternoon at Hillwood on Sept. 17 with just members of the family present. This was according to her wishes. But since her daughters knew that literally legions of friends would wish to show their love and respect for Marjorie, they arranged for a memorial service to be held that morning at the National Presbyterian Church in Washington.

Two of Marjorie's sons-in-law took part in the service. Leon Barzin conducted the National Symphony Orchestra which played selections by Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Malotte and Berlioz. Cliff Robertson wrote and gave the eulogy, his deep, stage-trained voice filling the ultramodern church.

Marjorie believed England had done a marvelous thing for the future by preserving its great houses to be seen by the coming generations. Therefore, she wanted Hillwood to be a living museum, complete with flowers and family photographs, so that even though an era had ended, it could still be seen and appreciated.

And what about Marjorie's other bequests — Mar-a-Lago to the United States government, Hillwood to the Smithsonian Institution and Topridge to the State of New York? Topridge is still the property of New York State. But the Smithsonian returned Hillwood to the Post Foundation in July, 1976. And the United States Congress is in the throes of hammering out a bill which will return Mar-a-Lago to the Post Foundation. Neither the Smithsonian Institution nor the United States government, it seems, could afford to run their respective houses.

Only Marjorie could afford to live the way she did. □

Working from her home in the New York countryside, Allene Hatch for many years assisted her late husband, Alden Hatch, in researching his many biographical works. This account of the life of Marjorie Merriweather Post is a condensed version of her first solo effort.

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FRANCE'S CHATEAUX CIRCUIT

(Continued from page 68)

his new restaurant is named, is not yet a member of the Relais et Chateaux, Surmain reminded us that he was a "Double-Ex" — that is, Lutece was an overseas member of the Relais group, as was his place in Majorca. After dining with him, we are convinced that it is only a matter of time before he will again be a Relais member. His Relais de Mougins is destined to be judged one of the Riviera's finest.

We finished our meal with an incredible display of sherbets — among them raspberry, strawberry, melon, pineapple, cherry and eau de vie — topped by Malaga ice cream, concocted from grapes. All was the handiwork of a 20-year-old dessert chef named Collette Flechon. As we left Mougins, a town just above Cannes that we had known before mainly because Picasso had chosen to live there, we predicted that the names of Verger and Surmain were destined to make it one of the gourmet highlights of all France.

We toured other parts of the Riviera too: Monte Carlo, where from the bar at the Hotel de Paris we looked out on a city that in our judgment has been

Trip Tips

If you are leaving from New York, you may fly direct to Nice on either Air France or TWA. Or you may fly direct from Miami to Paris on National Airlines and connect to Nice on one of the frequent Air France flights. There is also excellent rail service to the Riviera from Paris.

If you plan to drive, reserve a car through Hertz, Avis, National or Pan Am's World in the States. This can be self-drive or chauffeur driven. If you plan to drive in Europe, be sure to get an International Driver's License, available through the AAA, for \$2 plus two signed photographs. You must always carry your valid U.S. driver's license as well.

all but ruined by mindless prosperity; Cannes, where we continually ran into traffic jams; and St. Tropez, where we lunched with American friends who have enjoyed a villa above the sea for ten years now, and who related to us that the town with a normal population

of under 6,000 swells to 120,000 during July and August, without adequate accommodations available. As we left the Riviera area, we were determined to come back again and again — but only so long as we stayed away from the congested seaside communities.

From the Riviera we headed toward Provence proper. Our next stop was the town of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, just beyond Avignon. We estimated, based on the recollection of past motor trips, that this would take five to six hours, and so we packed bottled water and fresh fruit to sustain us. But we had not figured on what has happened to French roads in recent years. An Autoroute system has been built that rivals our own in the United States and others in Western Europe.

While the tolls are frequent and costly, the Autoroutes are well worth using — taking into account the savings in time as well as in wear and tear. These routes are well supplied with gas stations, shops, restaurants that include machines serving small cups of excellent espresso coffee for one franc (just over 25 cents), and rest rooms that could serve as models of cleanliness back home.

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ON THE INTRACOASTAL

LE PRIEURE

It was still late morning when we left the Autoroute at Avignon and made our way across the Rhone to Villeneuve-les-Avignon, a small town untouched by time despite its few traffic lights and Casino supermarket. It was Le Prieure that we were looking for, and we followed the signs to the outskirts, across the street from a school where boys and girls were gaily skipping home for lunch.

The outside of Le Prieure was unassuming, but we had long ago learned that unassuming exteriors often covered the most splendid of interiors. And so it was this time, with swimming pool, tennis courts, a deliberately wild Provencal garden and a protected outside eating area that Jacques Mille, the urbane proprietor, explained was the scene of all meals since the weather was always cooperative.

We spent considerable time with M. Mille and his Dior-clad wife, and learned that Le Prieure was originally a part of the palatial home of a cardinal in the days when nearby Avignon briefly was the center of Christendom. Our suite was in the new wing overlook-

ing the pool area, complete with balcony, most modern bathroom, air-conditioning and even a color TV set.

We used Le Prieure as a base for day trips throughout the rich area, including Avignon itself, but driving as far away as Marseilles. Included in our week-long explorations were such fabled names as Aix-en-Provence, Arles, Nimes, Orange, Carpentras and the winery of Chateauneuf-du-Pape.

But we returned to Le Prieure each evening for dinner, and with good reason. A typical dinner began with foie gras de canard frais, succulent duck livers; there followed carre d'agneau au-bergine, with thin-sliced eggplant joining the roasted lamb with herbs; and for dessert again raspberries and strawberries with cream. Each meal was festooned with Tavel rose, a light, fruity wine that helped everything along.

One evening M. Mille prepared for us a specialty he had temporarily retired from his menu: poulet mistral Le Prieure, chicken with 40 garlic cloves. Another evening we relished duck grilled with green peppercorns, always marveling at the size of the ducks in France — from a pound and a half to

two pounds, without any fat, and quite different from the ducks commonly served in the United States.

For an aperitif on several evenings we enjoyed the house champagne cocktail, of champagne and mandarin brandy. Only later did we learn that this aperitif had been the focus of some good-natured ribbing at the highest levels of French innkeeping, when M. Mille, who thought he had originated the concoction, was told that Mme. Fernand Point, now owner of the Pyramid Restaurant in Vienne, had herself invented it a few months beforehand.

Again we were saddened when the time came to leave, and we guessed that just about all of those who had come before us to this delectable spot and had signed M. Mille's "Golden Book" had been equally saddened — among them the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bernard Buffet, the Shah of Iran, Pablo Casals and Frances Parkinson Keyes. One visitor who put his mark permanently on Le Prieure was Ronald Searle, who designed M. Mille's carte de vins.

Back we went to Avignon and the Autoroute, this time in the general direction of Talloires, in the Haute-Sa-

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voie. The map indicated a turnoff at Valence, and we reluctantly left the swift Autoroute for more traditional French roads. They led us, however, into such wonderful places as Grenoble, Chambéry, Aix-les-Bains and Annecy,



all of them resorts well worth a stop-over on another occasion.

AUBERGE DU PERE BISE

Talloires, around Lake Annecy, is France's best-kept secret. Cheek by

jowl are three hotels, all of them in favored red in the Guide Michelin: the Abbaye, the Cottage of Fernand Bise, and the Auberge du Pere Bise, the three-star establishment of Francois Bise. The Bise name is rightfully legendary, for it has been associated with the best of French cuisine since Pere Bise opened his auberge in the early years of this century. The Cottage was started a generation ago when the many Bise children and grandchildren found one auberge too confining.

The Auberge du Pere Bise was our choice. Our apartment was tastefully decorated, with curtains and walls in exciting colors. Breakfast was served on impeccable linens along the lake, with a choice of brioche, croissants or freshly baked toast, platters of the freshest butter, freshly squeezed orange juice that is so rare these days, small green plums and steaming pots of black French-roast coffee with pitchers of hot milk. The croissants were so light that a sparrow perched nearby was able to fly off with a piece his own size.

From time to time we strolled along the picture-postcard lake, but mostly we reclined in comfortable lounge chairs in the warm sun, feeling

alternately like figures in a Renoir painting or travelers on a luxurious transatlantic liner of the 1920s.

Unlike the French and the Swiss, who streamed to Talloires for lunch, we confined our midday eating to a sandwich and some coffee, preferring to concentrate on the evening repast. It is no accident, of course, that the Auberge du Pere Bise has been of three-star rank for so many years. Decor, service, food — everything is of superb quality. Small touches were apparent. The sitting room at the restaurant was in marble and amber glass. Mayonnaise was whipped up specially for a lunchtime sandwich. Chicken was brought back to the kitchen to be kept warm in case the diner wished a second portion.

Considering the exceptional cuisine, the menu offered here must be the greatest bargain in the Western world. For 210 francs (something over \$45) for two, without wine but with services and taxes, you can have just about everything in sight: a choice of hors d'oeuvres, of an entree, of a roast with vegetables, of offerings from the ample cheese tray, of petits fours and of pastry.

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As our stay at Talloires came to a reluctant end, we decided to detour briefly into nearby Geneva. But prices in Switzerland currently are so exorbitant for Americans that we felt uncomfortable during the few days we were there. The unfavorable exchange rate makes the simplest items so impossibly expensive that we sighed with relief when we crossed back into France and headed for Paris.

Our final destination in France was the Hotel Ritz in Paris, headquarters of the Relais organization. Here we checked in with Dany Liaigre, director of the office, who told us how the Relais group was originally formed and how it now operated.

It all started back in 1954 when Marcel Tilloy, then the proprietor of Hostellerie La Cardinale in the town of Baix just below Lyon, persuaded seven of his fellow innkeepers that all would benefit if they recommended each other to their guests. Five years later the group numbered 50, and a name had been chosen: the Relais de Campagne. But human nature being what it is, several innkeepers who had been refused admission to the growing group formed a rival organization, Chateaux-Hotels.

French Pancakes (Le Prieure)

In France, everything seems to begin and end with pancakes. This makes a delightful luncheon dish. Ahead of time prepare three crepes (without sugar) per person. Put them aside in the oven to keep warm. Add some finely chopped ham, truffles and grated Swiss cheese to the center of each pancake. Roll up and place side by side in a shallow, buttered baking dish. Prepare in advance a white sauce, and pour a generous amount over the crepes in the pan. Then sprinkle with grated Swiss cheese, dot with small chunks of butter, and brown in a hot oven until bubbly. Serve with a tossed green salad.

Ultimately the two groups, realizing that cooperation was far more sensible and productive than rivalry, merged into the current grouping, now known as Relais et Chateaux.

Credit for the peacemaking is given to Joseph Olivereau, today presi-

dent of a happy amalgam of 262 inns and a few restaurants in every part of France and in 23 countries. Newcomers are admitted only after meeting rigid standards of comfort and cuisine.

History aside, far more important from the standpoint of the traveler is what the Relais et Chateaux organization can do for you. All member inns are listed in an attractive directory that sports on its cover the group's fleur-de-lis insignia. Several thousand copies of the latest issue are shipped each year to the French Government Tourist Offices in the United States (main office: 610 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020) where they are available for free. But since they seem to go very rapidly, the office you apply to may be out of the directory. In that event Mlle. Liaigre suggests you write to her directly at 17 Place Vendome, 75001 Paris, France; her phone is 261 56.50, and the Telex number is 220319 RCG. She asks that you enclose 10 francs (something over \$2) to cover mailing costs.

Each member inn is numbered in the directory, and its official government-listed category, which determines its price range, is given. A color photo



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of each inn appears, along with its address, phone number, proprietor's name, a map insert of driving directions, and a key that provides such pertinent information as price of meals; price and number of rooms; price of breakfast; facilities for dogs (traveling with dogs is a big thing in France); whether it has an elevator, swimming pool or tennis courts; the nearest commercial airport; and months, if any, when the inn is closed. A usable map of France is in the directory too, with the Relais members marked off and numbered so you can easily plot a trip.

Since you can't spend time in French inns without coming to some culinary conclusions, let us pass along some other thoughts:

While food remains a French religion, a reformation is under way. The so-called new cuisine that you read about is a reality. Sauces are lighter, more salads are to be found on the menus, and the number of courses has been cut down. But this does not mean that French chefs are any less devoted to their work, nor that the average Frenchman is into dieting. Heavy cream and butter are still very much in evidence. The three-hour lunch still ex-

ists. Eating, in a word, seems to remain the passion and the chief occupation of the waking Frenchman, and probably always will be.

Some of the current favorites seem to be: champagne (pink or natural), fresh foie gras, fish mousse, anything



cooked with green peppercorns, generous use of truffles (even in the face of an average price of \$80 a pound raw and uncleaned), lamb or beef rather than chicken, Chevre cheese, raspberries and strawberries in a melange, and different flavored sherbets.

The slogan we devised for ourselves on our first trip to France many

years ago still holds: It's difficult to find a poor meal in France. Part of the reason is the freshness of the produce. As Andre Surmain points out, the telephone system in France may not work as well as it does in the United States, but produce travels overnight from one end of France to the other.

What about the future? Will inns such as those we visited be able to continue? We asked this wherever we went. The answer, of course, depends on an unpredictable future. Mme. Baral of Le Cagnard worries if a small family establishment can survive should the children not be interested. Mlle. Brunet of Chateau du Domaine Saint-Martin wonders if the coming of the five-day week won't push labor costs to the point where the inns may be forced either to cut corners or to price themselves out of the market. Mme. Bise, though, replies with understandable confidence that the Auberge du Pere Bise has been an institution for a long time, the implication being that it will go on forever.

We hope they all will. □

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FEATURING: THE NEWEST IN NEW YORK

When you're out of town, dining out is half the fun of being there. This month Palm Beach Life offers a guide to the best new restaurants in New York City.

New York in many ways rivals Paris as the restaurant capital of the world. This season has been particularly fruitful. Half a dozen new establishments have already made it in this highly competitive market:

La Petite Ferme. 973 Lexington Ave., between 70th and 71st Streets. For several years La Petite Ferme attracted crowds to its tiny establishment on West 10th Street, in Greenwich Village. Now it's taken the step uptown. The William Paleys and its other faithful already have made the shift with it. Upstairs is the kitchen, along with a soon-to-be-opened private dining room. Downstairs, the garden in the rear is for cocktails, and the 14-table dining room accommodates more than 40. Its owner, Charles Chevillot, from a well-known French restaurant family, has been in the vanguard of the cuisine nouvelle. Specialties: mussels vinaigrette; poached salmon or bass; a navarin of lamb; fresh asparagus with lemon and butter sauce; a wide assortment of cheeses; simple desserts (e.g. strawberries and raspberries with Grand Marnier sauce) — all a la carte. M. Chevillot features an extensive wine cellar, culled from his family's vineyards in France and elsewhere. Open six days a week, for lunch and dinner; closed Sundays. Call M. Chevillot at (212) 249-3272 for reservations.

La Folie. 21 E. 61st St., at the south corner of the Carlton House on Madison Avenue. Two million dollars is said to have gone into marble floors with a gambling motif, mirrored walls with malachite trim, original (Van Dongen, Kiesling, etc.) Impressionist paintings on the walls, and brilliant stained glass windows in the bar. Food started as Continental but is now strictly French.

Specialties: oysters au champagne; quenelles de brochet Nantua; ris de veau; venison; wild boar; langoustine; Dover sole; turbot. Prix fixe three-course lunch, a la carte at dinner; dinner guests may stay for dancing after 10:30. Open six days a week, for lunch and dinner; closed Sundays. Call John Fassati at (212) 765-1400 for dinner reservations.

Paul's. 313 E. 58th St., in a landmark cottage between First and Second Avenues that has been declared a historic site. Two floors of dining rooms have been elaborately redone with mahogany and lots of crystal. Food is nouvelle French, meaning lightened sauces.

Specialties: veal kidney baked in pastry shell; truffled capon steamed over fresh herbs; smoked goose breast; duck and lobster salad with vegetables; lobster ragout. Prix fixe lunch and dinner. There is an expansive list of French, American and German wines. Open for lunch, Monday through Friday; for dinner, Monday through Saturday. Call Paul Egger at (212) 752-9199 for reservations.

Hermitage. 251 E. 53rd St. Already among the city's most "in," with two maitre d's from other successful French restaurants bringing their international clientele with them for instant success. Two equal size rooms have been decorated in Provencal decor, with



Two million dollars was spent on the decor alone at La Folie, in midtown Manhattan.

plush banquettes and a generous sprinkling of fresh flowers.

Specialties: saumon a l'oseille; coquilles Saint-Jacques au poivre; poached bass. Open for lunch, Monday through Friday; for dinner, Monday through Saturday. A la carte only. Call Josef at (212) 421-5360, but reserve early as Hermitage is generally filled.

Pirandello. 7 Washington Place (Greenwich Village). There is the ambience of an elegant Italian bistro. The vinyl floor has black and white checks, and palm trees are all around.

Specialties (all Italian): fettuccine pesto; shrimps a la spumanti; eggplant Pirandello; veal scallopini. All main courses served with vegetables. Open for lunch, Monday through Friday; for dinner, Monday through Saturday. A la carte at all times, with entrees slightly higher at dinner. Wines are mostly Italian. Call Enzo or Reuben at (212) 260-3066 for reservations.

Raga. 57 W. 48th St., on the site of the old Forum of the Twelve Caesars. One million dollars was spent by the Taj hotel chain of India for the first of what will be a chain of top Indian restaurants in U.S. cities. The delicate wood carvings and columns of a 400-year-old Indian palace were transported to New York. Walls are decorated with ancient Indian musical instruments (Raga means musical notes). Executive director Sam Gubbay is determined to alter American misconceptions about Indian food being oily, overly spicy and too full of cholesterol.

Specialties: spring chicken marinated in yogurt; lamb cooked with onions; rice cooked with fruits and nuts; baked eggplant seasoned with herbs; rice with milk and fruits flavored with cardamom and honey; Indian breads; Indian and American drinks. Prix fixe lunch, a la carte at dinner. Open seven days a week covering lunch through after-theater supper and including Indian high tea daily at 3:30 p.m. Call (212) 757-3450 for reservations.

Inclusion on this list is by merit. If you feel there is a restaurant not listed that should be included, please contact Palm Beach Life so we can check on it.

VERO BEACH

Driftwood Inn. 3150 Ocean Drive. One of those places everyone talks about, this is one man's disorganized dream. Most go to see the building that like Topsy "just grew," but leave with memories of excellent

food. A rarity, in that it serves three meals a day, and lunch can be eaten beside the pool. 567-7161.
Jake's Ocean Grill. Sexton Plaza where Highway 60 meets the ocean. Dinner guests will find a dish of roquefort dip on each table. This is just one of the homemade house specialties, which include breads, cakes, pies and salad dressing. The decor features relics salvaged from fabled Palm Beach mansions of the past. Open for lunch and dinner every day all year long. 562-5405.

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Palm Beach, Florida

Red Tail Hawk. On A1A between Vero Beach and Fort Pierce. Right on the ocean with, predictably, excellent seafood. Their bar and raw bar are open after the restaurant closes. 569-0700.

The Patio. 1103 Miracle Mile (fancy name for U.S. 1). Unusual entrees and a great Greek salad make this a good place for an out-of-the-ordinary evening. Closed Sundays during the summer months. 562-2880.

STUART

Jake's. 423 S. Federal Hwy. Salad lovers of the world will rejoice in the 14 different fresh vegetables and five homemade dressings available at Jake's salad bar. Your salad can also include fresh clams on the half shell. The soup of the day is served from a communal pot. Luncheon is offered Monday through Friday and dinner is served daily from 5 until 10 p.m. 283-5111.

Miles Grant Country Club. Cove Road, southeast of Stuart. Classic cuisine with fresh seafood and Iowa beef featured. The Sunday champagne brunch is a whale of a way to start the day. Open for lunch and dinner. Closed Mondays. 286-2220.

JENSEN BEACH

Frances Langford's Outrigger Resort. 905 S. Indian River Drive. Good Polynesian food in a great Polynesian setting right on the Indian River. If you're lucky you may catch a glimpse of the singer or her husband, Ralph Evinrude of the boat motor company. 287-2411.

NORTH PALM BEACH

The Flame. On U.S. 1 at Yacht Club Drive. Fine steaks are the reason most people head for The Flame, but the chef has a deliciously imaginative way of preparing wild rice. The restaurant has one of the better wine cellars in the area. Open for dinner only. 626-6200.

PALM BEACH

Breakers Hotel. South County Road. One of the last reminders of the way life used to be in Palm Beach when Breakers guests came across the lake in their own private railroad cars. As befits such an institution, the food is up to the highest standards, though not aimed at the adventurous diner. You can have lunch leisurely around the pool or dine more formally in the Florentine Room, which has a wide-ranging menu. 655-6611.

Capriccio. Royal Poinciana Plaza. Is it only imagination that makes it seem the majority of Palm Beach's top-notch restaurants serve Italian food? Anyway, here is Continental food in the grand manner, with service and setting what one would expect from a restaurant in this location. 659-5955.

Chez Guido. 251 Royal Palm Way in the Plaza Center. Some unusual specialties of the house include Truite au Chablis and Grenadin de Veau. This restaurant with its southern European atmosphere is open for lunch Monday through Friday. Dinner is served nightly. 655-2600.

Colony Hotel. Hammon Ave. Fine Continental cuisine and an atmosphere of a private club have made the Colony a traditional favorite of Palm Beachers. And if there's anywhere a visiting celebrity is likely to be found, it's here. You can eat lunch around the pool if you're in a casual mood. 655-5430.

Doherty's. 288 S. County Road. A cozy little eatery and drinkery, Doherty's is the closest thing Palm Beach has to a town pub. French onion soup, tid-bit steak and chicken hash are some of this popular grill's offerings. They've recently moved a few doors south, to the former site of Benny's restaurant. 655-9854.

La Crepe de Paimpol. 200 Chilean Ave. One of the delights of living in the area is to eat here a couple of times a week, working your way down the long list of crepes. It's hard to pick a favorite. They have a few other French specialties on the menu but nothing can beat the great taste and variety of their entree and dessert crepes. 655-4283.

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In Spain the name Domecq means one thing — sherry. The indomitable Domecq family has made millions over the centuries as the largest sherry producer in the world. You'll get to know the people behind the label in the January Palm Beach Life.

When a fisherman goes fishing but doesn't plan to bring home any fish, where is he going? The answer could be the annual Gold Cup Fishing Tournament sponsored by the Sailfish Club of Palm Beach. Here the aim is to tag the fish, not land them.

There's more to Monte Carlo than roulette and baccarat. Palm Beach Life takes a look at the high-powered life style of the international jet-setters as they make their annual pilgrimage to this glamour capital of Europe.

PALM BEACH LIFE

Le Monegasque. 2505 S. Ocean Blvd. They're very quiet and don't advertise, and you may have to hunt a bit to find them. But it's worth it, as there is some of the finest dining in Palm Beach. 585-0071.

Mandarin. 331 S. County Road. A popular Chinese restaurant with Cantonese and American food. They open for a delicious luncheon buffet (or you can order from the regular menu), and stay open till 3 a.m. One of the few places in Palm Beach with a special take-out menu. 659-2005.

Maurice's. 191 Bradley Place. An old timer, they've been here since 1946, specializing in Italian cuisine, but with seafood and steak dishes also on their extensive menu. If you can't find anything on that menu to please you, you must be very hard to please. 832-9654.

Nando's. 221 Royal Palm Way. A prize-winner, with French and Italian cooking featured, though they do have seafood and beef dishes. The atmosphere is luxurious and the food is served with a flair that matches, making it a favorite with Palm Beach people for more than 35 years. 655-3031.

Peter Dinkel's. 207 Royal Poinciana Way. The sidewalk cafe atmosphere adds to a comfortable feeling of informality. Dinkel's has special appeal for the young set who come for an early lunch of bacon-cheeseburgers and return the same evening to dance in the open patio. Specials are featured daily on the more elaborate dinner menu. 659-2254.

Petite Marmite. 309½ Worth Ave. A perpetual award-winner, the Petite deserves every one of them for its fine French, Italian and American cooking. One of the favorite places of Palm Beachers, who find it can be habit-forming. 655-0550.

Ta-boo. 221 Worth Ave. The cuisine here is American with Greek overtones. It's a popular gathering place at the cocktail hour, and luncheon and dinner are served every day. 655-5562.

Testa's. 221 Royal Poinciana Way. Palm Beach's oldest established restaurant, still going strong after more than 50 years. You can dine inside, on the patio or at the sidewalk cafe. Delicious Italian dishes dominate the extensive menu. (Opens in mid-December.) 832-0992.

WEST PALM BEACH

Fisherman's Wharf. 1665 Palm Beach Lakes Blvd. An increasingly popular seafood restaurant, though almost two miles from the ocean. Their salad bar features oysters and clams on the half-shell. 686-8400.

Mama Gilda. 1600 N. Dixie. People hungry for Italian food have been heading for Mama Gilda's for almost 30 years. Steaks and seafood are available as well. Open for lunch and dinner. 833-3088.

Raindancer Sirloin Pit and Tavern. 2300 Palm Beach Lakes Blvd. House specialties are steaks, chops and prime ribs. There's an extensive salad bar with crisp greens, and the atmosphere is casual. 684-2810.

This Is It Pub. 424 24th St. Out of the way and secluded, this homey place with its warm decor is worth looking for. Though not a seafood restaurant, their Pompano Florentine and bouillabaisse are quite popular. Highly individual desserts. 833-4997.

LAKE WORTH

L'Anjou. 717 Lake Ave. A pleasant, unpretentious little French restaurant in an unlikely location. The Beef Wellington is superb. Open for lunch and dinner. 582-7666.

OCEAN RIDGE

Busch's Seafood Restaurant. 5855 N. Ocean Blvd. Live Maine lobster is offered fresh daily along with other fresh seafood. Busch's has just had a face-lift. It's open for lunch every day except Sunday, and dinner is served every day. 732-8470.

BOYNTON BEACH

Bernard's. 1730 N. Federal Hwy. A really great place to dine, with a chef who cares. Food is basically Continental, with other touches thrown in. 737-2236.

La Belle France. 1002 N. Federal Hwy. This was a chancy place to put an authentic French restaurant, but everything is so right and the food so good that it has grown and prospered through the years. 732-5632.

DELRAY BEACH

Arcade Tap Room. 411 E. Atlantic Ave. This famous landmark is also a fine place to eat both lunch and dinner. It's one of the few restaurants in this area which feature sweetbreads with any degree of regularity. Reservations are recommended. 276-7200.

Elina's Mexican Restaurant. 1317 N. Federal Hwy. Green chili rellenos are one of the house specialties, but you'll find an interesting selection of Mexican dishes. It's one of the few places on the Gold Coast featuring Mexican food. Closed Monday. 278-4597.

Little Lobster Shanty. 2440 N. Federal Hwy. A fleet of 39 fishing boats in New Jersey keeps this restaurant supplied with fresh fish and lobster. Try the New

Jersey scallops or the surf and turf. The atmosphere is informal. Dinner only, seven days a week. 276-0101.

Patio Delray. 714 E. Atlantic Ave. Steaks and chops are house specialties, but fresh-caught fish is also featured on the menu. Fashion shows are a regular luncheon attraction and there's entertainment nightly. 276-7126.

BOCA RATON

The Bayou. 501 E. Palmetto Park Road. A bit of New Orleans in Florida, both in decor and cuisine. Food has a French and Creole touch that puts it out of the ordinary for this area. Lobster and shrimp casserole is one of their specialties. 395-1682.

La Vieille Maison. 770 E. Palmetto Park Road. Addison Mizner would have thoroughly approved of such a use of a home he designed. The prix-fixe dinner, mainly French and Italian dishes, is a delectable (some say fantastic) dining experience. 391-6701, 421-7370, 737-5677 (by the range of numbers you can see they encourage making reservations).

DEERFIELD BEACH

Pal's Captain's Table. Hillsboro Beach Boulevard and the Intracoastal Waterway. There is 130 feet of docking space available for folks arriving by boat, but this restaurant on the water is also accessible by car. The menu includes steaks, chops, chicken and fresh fish served in an atmosphere that is romantically informal. 427-4000.

LIGHTHOUSE POINT

Cap's Place. Drive up to the dock, turn on the light there and a boat will come over and take you to this offbeat restaurant with character. You can also come by boat and tie up at the dock. Seafood is the specialty and everything is cooked to order. No reservations. 941-0418.

POMPAN0 BEACH

Palm Aire Spa. 2501 Palm Aire Dr. N. Whether you're dieting or not, every calorie here is worth it. You can order from the special daily diet menus, with calories listed alongside (sample: egg white omelet, 15) or splurge and order from the regular menu. Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. 972-3300.

FORT LAUDERDALE

Le Dome of the Four Seasons. 333 Sunset Drive. Another room with a great view of the city spread out below. The menu is imaginative and sophisticated, with items found nowhere else on the Gold Coast. 525-3303.

Down Under. 3000 E. Oakland Park Blvd. They weren't just playing with words when they named this restaurant. It's literally down under the Intracoastal bridge. Many people consider it one of the finest restaurants on the Gold Coast. The chef is especially proud of his duck with green pepper sauce and the New Orleans snapper. 563-4123.

94th Aero Squadron. 2500 NW 62nd St. From outside it looks just like a French farmhouse used as headquarters by a World War I flying squadron. The look continues inside, with audio effects also. The food is good enough to bring you back again even if the surroundings didn't. 491-4595.

HOLLYWOOD

Celebrity Room of the Diplomat Hotel. A dinner here is like something out of a 1930s MGM movie. Violinists, white-gloved waiters and a look of formal elegance make it a place for a memorable evening. The Continental cuisine is as excellent as one would expect in such surroundings. 923-8111.

MIAMI

Casa Santino. 110th Street and Biscayne Boulevard. You dine in the atmosphere of a rich Mediterranean villa. Cuisine is classic Italian-American, and a knowledgeable source says the wine list is the best in the area. 895-1440.

Chez Vendome. In the David William Hotel, 700 Biltmore Way, Coral Gables. The ambience is Parisian, the service is excellent and the French menu is superb. What more could the choosy diner ask? 443-4646.

Cy's Rivergate. 444 Brickell Ave. The specialty here is duck, prepared by Cy's Chinese chef. A variety of seafood dishes and steaks are offered also. Open for lunch Monday through Friday. Closed Sundays. 358-9100.

Food Among the Flowers. 21 N.E. 36th St. A flower shop and restaurant in one, guests may choose between five flower-filled dining rooms. The restaurant's Danish chef specializes in poached great northern salmon as well as other seafood delicacies. The spinach salad also receives rave reviews. Open for lunch and dinner, Monday through Saturday. Reservations recommended. 576-0000.

Horatio's. In the Coconut Grove Hotel, 2649 S. Bayshore Drive. Not the least of its attractions is the

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great view from the 20th floor of the sailboats in Biscayne Bay far below. Cuisine is French and Continental though the decor is nautical. One of the big attractions here is the Monday night gourmet feast, with a prix-fixe dinner at which the chef is allowed to let loose with all his fantasies. 858-2500.

Les Violins. 1751 Biscayne Blvd. The food ranges from good to great, depending on to whom you're talking. But all agree the floor show, strolling violinists and performing waiters and waitresses are the big attractions at this night spot transplanted from Havana. 371-8668.

Piccadilly. 35 NE 40th St. In the heart of Miami's Decorator Row. Unusual entrees include rack of lamb for one, and there is a selection of flambe desserts prepared at your table. Dine and dance in the courtyard to live entertainment. Serving lunch, dinner and late supper. 576-1818.

Prince Hamlet Inn. 8301 Biscayne Blvd. They've had to expand like mad to keep up with the popularity. Cooking is Continental with an accent on the Danish, naturally. The display of appetizers is truly a groaning board and the diner could easily (and happily) ruin his appetite for the great dinner to come. 573-6857.

MIAMI BEACH

Bernard's. In the Carriage House Hotel, 5401 Collins Ave. Posh is the proper adjective to describe this intimate restaurant with a growing reputation for excellent food. Open for lunch and dinner, reservations suggested. 865-4100.

Cafe Chauveron. 9561 E. Bay Harbor Drive. The food is classical French, the atmosphere is elegant and the wine list is extensive. It all adds up to one of the few places where dining is an experience. 866-8779.

The Forge. 432 Arthur Godfrey Road. A long-time landmark, The Forge must be doing something right to stay as popular as it has for as long as it has in a highly competitive area of Miami Beach. The wine list includes Chateau Lafite-Rothschild. Open till 5 a.m. 538-8533.

Gatti. 1427 West Ave. The second oldest restaurant on Miami Beach (Joe's Stone Crabs has a few months' seniority) specializes in northern Italian dishes, steak and seafood. Intimate atmosphere and excellent service by waiters who have been there up to 30 years. The son of the original owner, Joseph Gatti, is at the door, in the kitchen, and keeping an eye on every table. It makes all the difference. Closed Mondays. 673-1717.

Joe's Stone Crabs. 227 Biscayne St. This place deserves listing if only for the fact they've been in business over 60 years at the same spot in South Beach. And they still attract diners from all walks of life. Except for their name specialty, the food is good but not great, with the accent on seafood. 673-0365.

Starlight Roof of the Doral Beach Hotel, 4833 Collins Ave. The decor makes you think someone has finally built a stairway to the stars. There is a delightful view of Miami Beach and the ocean, the menu is Continental, the wine list good and the atmosphere elegant. 532-3600.

ISLAMORADA

The Conch. They specialize in excellent seafood and are informal enough to have a player piano providing the entertainment. 664-4590.

The Green Turtle Inn. One of the best places for great, classic Keys cooking: conch chowder, green turtle steak and Key lime pie. 664-9031.

KEY WEST

Fogarty's 1875 House. 227 Duval St., in the Old Key West area. There is plenty of atmosphere here, as well as a menu featuring Continental, seafood and curry specialties. 296-9592.

Pier Restaurant. Pier House Motel, 1 Duval St. People with a penchant for dining on the water will be delighted with the four-sided view here. Luncheon specialties include fish fingers and seafood quiche. A large dinner menu offers everything from grilled Florida grouper in dill sauce to roast rack of lamb. A house favorite, the seafood catch for two, is similar to paella, but very distinctive. 294-4691.

Poor Richard's Italian Garden and Buttery. 1208 Simonton St. One of the more interesting places in the area. They advertise in Gourmet magazine, which gives some idea of the type clientele they hope to attract. 294-9020.

BAHAMAS

For the weekend skipper from South Florida:

The Compleat Angler. In Bimini. One of Hemingway's old hangouts, which has lasted a lot longer than he has, and still keeps its reputation for good food.

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PALM BEACH

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(Continued from page 40)

Restaurant in New York. Eighteen photographs assist you in producing a classic bouillabaisse. If you want to know how to clean a squid to obtain the ink for the popular Spanish dish, Calamare en su Tinta, the method is clearly illustrated. Covered as well are sauces, stocks, aspics, butters and all methods of preparation and preservation, from how to make caviar to smoking salmon.

McClane tells us that several American soles can be readily prepared in classic styles, so as a perfect offering for holiday guests we have selected from the book *Sole Normande*.

Chef de cuisine Charles Janon of the Inter-Continental Hotel in Paris would never serve his *Sole Normande* before decorating each portion with a puff paste or toast slice carved in the symbolic "N," according to McClane. "This is the way it was first presented and tradition must be observed," the chef believes.

Tilefish fruit salad and a low-calorie tilefish sea slaw are among the unusual recipes for the holiday luncheon table. The white, firm-tender flesh of

the tilefish is best compared to lobster or scallop meat.

McClane's own version for scampi (shrimps with green linguini) seems designed for the Christmas season. "This is a colorful party dish, with the bright red-shelled shrimps contrasting with the green pasta, and a wonderful combination from a taste standpoint. If the passion for garlic is unanimous the amount given can be increased, but the way to do this is by sprinkling additional freshly chopped bits over each shrimp after the sauce is applied."

SCAMPI PALM BEACH (SHRIMPS WITH GREEN LINGUINI)

- 2 lbs. (18 count or 36) fresh shrimps, including rock shrimps, butterflied
- 3/4 c. clarified butter
- 1/4 c. olive oil
- 2 tbsp. minced garlic
- 2 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. crushed dried red pepper
- 1 tsp. minced fresh oregano, or 1/2 tsp. dried
- 1 tsp. minced fresh sweet basil, or 1/2 tsp. dried
- 1/4 tsp. salt

- 1 tsp. minced fresh tarragon, or 1/2 tsp. dried
- 4 tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1/2 c. white wine (Chablis preferred)
- 1 lb. linguini verde
- 1/2 c. grated Parmesan cheese

In a large skillet melt butter; add oil, garlic, lemon juice, dry mustard, Worcestershire, crushed red pepper, oregano, basil, tarragon, salt and 2 tablespoons parsley. Mix well and simmer over low heat until garlic is just blond. Turn off heat. Take each shrimp by the tail and wipe the flesh side in the mixture so that they are thoroughly coated. After dipping, arrange shrimps next to each other, flesh side up, in a foil-lined pan. Add the wine to the skillet, bring to a boil, then simmer until the liquid has reduced by one-fourth. Spoon some of the sauce over each shrimp.

At this point you can cook the linguini, as the time interval will be about the same as for finishing the shrimps. Preheat your oven to 400° and in the meantime bring salted water in your pasta pot to a rolling boil. Submerge the linguini and cook *al dente* (about 7 minutes); bake the shrimps for an equal period of time. Turn off oven

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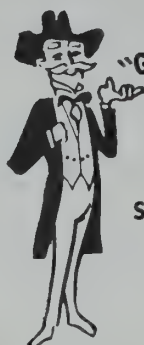
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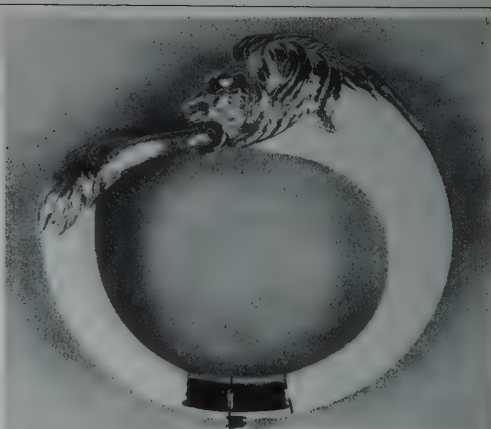
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Encyclopedia author A.J. McClane formerly was fishing editor of *Field and Stream*.

and stove, drain the pasta and return it to the pot.

Fork a small mound of linguini in the center of each warm plate, leaving a margin for the shrimps. Remove shrimps from the oven and arrange six, with tails pointing outward, around the perimeter of the pasta. Pour remaining sauce over the shrimps and linguini and decorate with remaining parsley. Sprinkle the pasta with freshly grated Parmesan cheese. Accompany with a spinach salad using a sweet vinegar dressing with no oil. Makes 6 servings.

SOLE NORMANDE

- 8 fillets of sole with white skin intact
- 8 sweet red apples
- 2 lemons
- ½ lb. cooked small shrimps
- 1 c. sauce bechamel
- ¼ to ½ lb. butter, melted
- Salt and pepper
- ½ c. flour
- 1 c. olive oil
- 8 parsley sprigs, 1 to 2 inches long
- 8 thick slices of white bread
- 1 c. parsley butter (*see below*)

In filleting a fresh sole, remove the dark skin only. Scale white skin. Wash fillets and leave under running water for 1 hour. Meanwhile peel the apples and remove cores from stem ends with a melon-ball scoop. Squeeze half the lemon juice over all the cut surfaces of the apples to prevent discoloration. Mix shrimps into the bechamel sauce, and stuff the apples with the shrimp mixture. Place apples, cavity side down, on a buttered oven dish and sprinkle with melted butter. Cover apples and place dish in a preheated 350° oven for 30 minutes, or until apples are tender but still holding their shape.

Dry the fillets, season with salt and pepper, and dust with flour. Brown on both sides in a mixture of half but-



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ter, half olive oil. Place browned fillets side by side on a buttered, warmed serving platter. Remove baking dish from oven and *very gently* transfer apples with a broad spatula to the serving platter, placing 1 apple, stuffed side up, on each fillet. (The apples will break easily, so be careful!) Squeeze remaining lemon juice onto apples, and stick a parsley sprig in each.

Cut an "N" from each slice of bread and brown in butter, or broil or toast. Place one "N" on each sole fillet, leaning against the apple. Just before serving pour melted parsley butter over the fish. Makes 8 servings.

GREEN BUTTER (BEURRE VERT)

Use 10 spinach leaves and 10 watercress leaves. Pull leaves from stems and ribs. Add 1 tablespoon minced parsley and 1 tablespoon minced fresh tarragon, or mixed tarragon and chervil. Drop all the greens into a large pot of boiling water and keep just at the boiling point for 5 minutes. Pour through a very fine strainer, then plunge into cold water and strain again. Let greens dry, then mash them to a paste. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, salted or unsalted. Push butter through a fine sieve, then chill until ready to use.

PARSLEY BUTTER

This name is sometimes given to Maitre d'Hotel Butter, but it can be made differently. Follow the method for Green Butter, but use only parsley. For 4 ounces butter use 3 tablespoons minced parsley. Or use uncooked parsley if the butter is to be used at once. Cream the butter in a warm bowl and beat in the parsley. Chill.

TILEFISH FRUIT SALAD

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. tilefish fillets
1 avocado, peeled and sliced
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 c. orange sections
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. sliced celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. slivered blanched almonds, toasted
 $\frac{1}{3}$ c. mayonnaise or salad dressing
Salad greens

Place fillets in boiling salted water. Cover and simmer for about 10 minutes, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Drain. Break fish into large pieces. Sprinkle avocado with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Reserve 6 avocado slices and 6 orange sections for garnish. Cut remaining avocado and orange into 1-inch pieces. Combine all ingredients except salad greens; chill. Shape the salad

mixture into a mound on salad greens and garnish with alternate slices of avocado and orange. Makes 6 servings.

LOW-CALORIE SEA SLAW

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. tilefish fillets
1 qt. boiling water
1 tbsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. low-calorie salad dressing (mayonnaise type)
2 tbsp. chopped onion
2 tbsp. sweet pickle relish
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
1 c. shredded green cabbage
1 c. shredded red cabbage
1 c. thinly sliced celery
6 lettuce cups
Lemon wedges

Place fillets in boiling salted water. Cover and simmer for about 10 minutes, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Drain. Remove skin and bones from fish; flake. Combine salad dressing, onion, relish, lemon juice, salt and flaked fish. Chill for at least 1 hour to blend flavors. Add shredded cabbage and sliced celery; toss lightly. Serve in lettuce cups and garnish with lemon wedges. Makes 6 servings (approximately 120 calories in each serving). □



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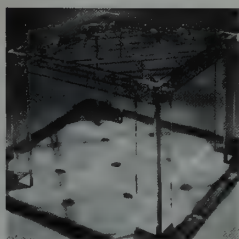
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SHOPPERS' PREVIEW

One of a pair of blanc de chine, 18th century figures of Kwan Yin with deer. \$5,900 for the pair at Palm Beach Interiors, 114 N. County Road, Palm Beach.



Modern crisscross game table with acrylic base and 3/4" glass top. 32" x 32" x 29", it's \$1,000 at Worrells, Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach; and 910 U.S. 1, North Palm Beach, Fla.

Two elegant ceramic cats imported from Italy. 33" high, the pair is \$535 at Frances Lee Kennedy Interiors, 141 N. County Road, Palm Beach.



Gold rotating pendulum clock from Germany. Battery operated and 10" high, it's \$280 at Mildred Hoit, Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach; Oakbrook Square, North Palm Beach; or Bal Harbour, Fla.

Lovely gold evening bag inlaid with oriental birds and flowers. It's \$60 at Annie Laurie Originals, 1410 10th St., Lake Park, Fla.



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SHOPPERS' PREVIEW

Gold-lined toasting
goblets are 6" high with
a 10-oz. capacity.
The pair is gift-boxed
and \$30 at Wilson's
Jewelers, 501 Federal
Hwy., Lake Park, Fla.



Colorful parakeets perch
on a lovely rose in
18 mesh, 20" x 14½"
and \$60 at Jean
Pittinos, 108 N. County
Road, Palm Beach.

Pretty and festive,
this crystal Christmas
tree is in four sections
with leaded base.
11½" high, it's \$20
at Isabel's Etc.,
234 S. County Road,
Palm Beach.



Reed and Barton Christmas
cross is a version of the eight-
pointed cross worn by the
Knights Hospitallers. In
sterling with chain, it's
\$17 at The Modern Shop,
334 Worth Ave., Palm Beach.

Unique jewelry box with
oriental lock. Handmade in
China and 7" x 12" x 6",
it's \$125 at Gualtieri
Jewelers, 2540 PGA Blvd.,
Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.



Impish monkeys climb
this white china
lamp. Available in
colors and 38" high, it's
\$199 at Superior
Furniture Showrooms,
32 S. Dixie Hwy.,
Lake Worth, Fla.

SHOPPERS' PREVIEW

Louis XV style black lacquer desk with bronze dore fittings and green leather inset on top. \$975 at Wilson's Gallery, 415 N. Federal Hwy., Lake Park, Fla.



14 kt. gold bicycle with movable wheels. Worn as a brooch or on a chain, \$160 at D. Kozak Jewelers, Inc., 310 Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach.

Head of a Thailand deity done in bronze, 13" high on a wooden base. \$150 at Maggie Alan, Inc., 701 N. Dixie Hwy., Lake Worth, Fla.



"Buttercup and Daffodil," two downy ducklings from Cybis are \$165 at Douglas Lorie, Inc., 334 Worth Ave., Palm Beach.

An attractive hanging cabinet for your colorful treasures. \$265 at Holland Salley Interiors, 350 Fifth Ave. S., Naples, Fla.



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YOU AND YOUR SIGN

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

Imagination is a key word when shopping for the Sagittarians on your Christmas list. Quick-witted, creative, they like things that will involve them — anything from a Chinese puzzle box to a course in archaeology.

In jewelry, Sagittarians tend to like the unusual, the chunky, the handcrafted, seldom the delicate or glittery. An objet d'art might be a native carving, a modern sculpture. Accompany them on a couple of gallery visits — Sagittarians are not reticent about stating likes and dislikes.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Give the Capricornian something which expresses your high opinion of him. Those of this sign (however well they may disguise it) often have serious doubts about their worth to others. They clutch at tangibles that reinforce their confidence.

The briefcase of the best leather, the trinket from an exclusive shop, clothing with a name label — such items will reassure Capricorn of your esteem. A rare (and costly) wine might please, as might an impressive art book, though they're not notably artistic.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Aquarius is among the most unconventional of the sun signs, which can be a guide to your Christmas gifts for them. Look for the unusual, which should not be interpreted as "quaint" or "cute." Think along lines of an East Indian throw rug in electric colors, or a handwoven catchall basket.

A course in gliding or hang gliding would please a good many Aquarians. They tend to like almost anything that gives them a sense of freedom. Tickets to upcoming theater offerings could be appropriate.

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20)

Pisces is an emotional sign, so make your Christmas gift something personal. Intimate apparel is often appreciated.

A good many of this sign have artistic talent. A course in painting or design, perhaps one in jewelry making could prove a lucky choice. So could a painting you know is admired, or a good print.

Most Pisceans love luxury, so anything that looks or is luxurious is apt to find favor. Maybe you should stretch your budget a little and indulge them.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Aries' interests are usually broad, so the gift giver has a pretty wide choice. Just find out what they're "into" at the moment and select accordingly.

They are not apt to like anything that would require much patience on their part — a complicated jigsaw puzzle, for instance, or a put-it-together-yourself item. Being active types, sports equipment might please, particularly if it will launch them into a game they haven't yet tried. Games of skill often do well, particularly if the Arian finds he can excel. Quickly.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Taureans are a comfortable lot to give to. You won't have to search in the out-of-the-way shop or look for the esoteric. They tend to like things they can use. Gimmicky items, however, would not be a good choice.

Taureans love to entertain, and you could find a clue here. Anything that the host or hostess would find fun or handsomely helpful to use at a party — or anything that might be a conversation piece — could be a good choice. Many Taureans like to cook, so you have choices here.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

For Gemini the affection the gift expresses is more important than the gift. Include a note, wrap the package yourself even if you're hopeless at it, deliver it in person if possible — and never have it arrive late.

Gemini will tend to like a gift that intrigues the imagination. They'll play with gadgets for a while, then relegate them to some overfilled storage space which will eventually be "cleaned out" (meaning the accumulation will be looked over, the gadgets happily played with again, and then put away).

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

Cancerians are often full of contradictions, which doesn't make gift selections for them any easier.

The gift which shows you spent time and effort in its choosing is most apt to please them. Make it unlike what you have given others on your list — and not similar to what you gave last year.

Often home oriented, some Cancerians will like "togetherness" gifts: an electronic game the whole family can play, music to be shared, a motion picture camera, or a week away from it all for two.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)

Leos are among the easiest of the zodiac to give to. They're so generous themselves that they're delighted to find themselves remembered.

Do take into consideration their flair for the dramatic, and cater to it. A zebra-skin bed coverlet, say, a Gauguin print, or whatever has an air of opulence will be appreciated.

Most Leos like personal adornments. But just another sweater or shirt won't do the trick. Look for something unusual — and don't be too conservative.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

Virgos are among the most discriminating of the zodiac. Best not forget this when buying for them. They will know quality, style, workmanship, design.

Unless you know the Virgan very well, buying anything of a very personal nature is risky. They are fastidious (sometimes to the point of being picky) and if you guess wrong, your gift will never be worn.

Most Virgans are practical and will prefer something that can be used but is not too pedestrian. They are frequently outdoor oriented, which can cue you.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

One trouble with Christmas shopping for Librans is their changeableness. What they are intensely fond of at one time can well be what they have no interest in by the time the gift is given. This may be one good reason for last-minute shopping, at least for the Libran on your list.

Something that will amuse them by its unexpectedness could be a good choice. Librans have good senses of humor. Many also have a narcissistic streak, so you can cater to their particular vanities.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Most Scorpions have a strong streak of sexuality (even if they don't always admit it). Perfumes of their choice are frequently exotic, clothes of daring design.

The Scorpion woman usually likes furs, silks, satins (satin sheets, for instance). A week at an exclusive beauty spa would please most of them. So would an a deux package you might put together — an intimate dinner Monday, dancing on Tuesday, a midnight sail Wednesday, and whatever your instincts suggest to fill out the week. □

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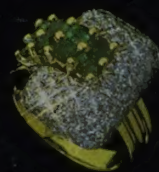
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